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1100 Pembroke Jones Drive · Landfall · $4,750,000

Overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway and "deep water lollipop lagoon and unspoiled islands" this spectacular Mediterranean design sits on 1.6 acres and features over 10,000 square feet of luxury. Designed with today's casual life style with telescoping doors that allow seamless outdoor/indoor entertaining, this open plan features 12 ft ceilings and lots of floor to ceiling glass to maximize water-views from nearly every room.

1608 Landfall Drive · Landfall · $1,695,000

When only the best will do. "Las Palmas" offers security, serenity and privacy with the double villa lot setting completely fenced and gated. Located between the Intracoastal Waterway and Landfall's Pete Dye Clubhouse and golf course, this resort styled family compound features two brick residences centered around an elegant salt water pool and cascading fountain.

705 Planters Row · Landfall · $1,395,000

This spectacular Mediterranean design is tucked discretely down a winding driveway planted with lush landscaping on over one acre of private gardens and fenced rear yard.

1403 Quadrant Circle · Landfall · $1,274,000

A Landfall Georgian masterpiece, this all brick executive home sits high on a wooded knoll overlooking Quadrant Circle pond. Completely updated this open floor plan features large rooms, exquisite moldings including raised panel den off of the first floor master. Updates throughout the home including stainless and granite kitchen and granite counters in all baths.

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2008 Ashland Court · Landfall · $1,095,000

Located in the heart of Landfall overlooking the Nicklaus Pines golf course (#9), this all brick residence features a stacked stone fireplace with vaulted ceilings and custom wrought iron railings. A gourmet kitchen with granite opens to a sunlit family room and breakfast area. The floor plan includes 5 bedrooms (a master suite on each floor) and 4 1/2 baths plus a 3 car garage.

805 Gull Point Road · Landfall · $859,000

Located in the quiet cul-de-sac of one of Landfall's prettiest streets, Gull Point Road, this true post and beam home is tucked down a tree-lined winding driveway and borders the scenic tidal Howe Creek with soaring ceilings, open floor plan and floor to ceiling windows. This home embraces the rolling, wooded site and offers complete privacy.

1043 Ocean Ridge Drive · Landfall · $1,485,000

Located on a high bluff overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway with distant views of Wrightsville Beach, the Atlantic Ocean, Mason's Inlet and Figure 8 Island, this Mediterranean inspired residence features an open floor plan with vaulted ceilings and floor to ceiling windows! The first floor master includes an adjacent study, a spa like bath with fireplace open to both the bath and the master suite.

2520 Shandy Lane · Shandy · $1,485,000

A rare combination of waterfront privacy and convenient location to make this coastal design the perfect place to call home! Located on the headwaters of Bradley Creek, this home includes two 30' deep water boat slips including a 13,000 pound lift. With it's distinctive hipped metal roof and covered porches, no expense has been spared and no detail overlooked.

2210 Bel Arbor · Bel Arbor · $1,195,000

Bike to the beach, run the loop, catch a concert under the Airlie Oak or grab dinner on the water at Bridgetender. All these are possible for those lucky enough to live on Bel Arbor off Stokely and Airlie Roads. Enjoy the convenience of walking to the shops and restaurants of Lumina Station and yet off the beaten path off Wrightsville Beach traffic.

192 Ballast Point Road · Sloop Point Plantation · $1,167,000

Surrounded by magnificent centuries old moss-draped live oaks, this West Indies/ coastal masterpiece features 5800 square feet of luxury appointments and 1700 square feet of upper and lower deep covered porches. Fresh salt air breezes and views of the intracoastal waterway are abundant from nearly every vantage point. An open floor plan and floor to ceiling windows and doors let the natural light fill the interior.

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Come home to this private oasis at the end of a cul-de-sac in the sought- after community of Sagewood at Plantation Landing. Peace and tranquility abound in the large backyard with a custom designed waterfall and koi pond. This custom built home with rocking chair front porch features a 2 story great room, large eat in kitchen with stainless steel appliances, granite countertops and a formal dining room.

1844 S. Churchill Drive · Highland Hills · $499,000

Elegant painted brick home in the sought-after Highland Hills area of Wilmington's South Oleander mid-town. This one story ranch has been updated and impeccably maintained. The four bedroom residence offers an open kitchen with breakfast bar and family room with fireplace. The kitchen includes white cabinetry and new stainless appliances including a gas cooktop.

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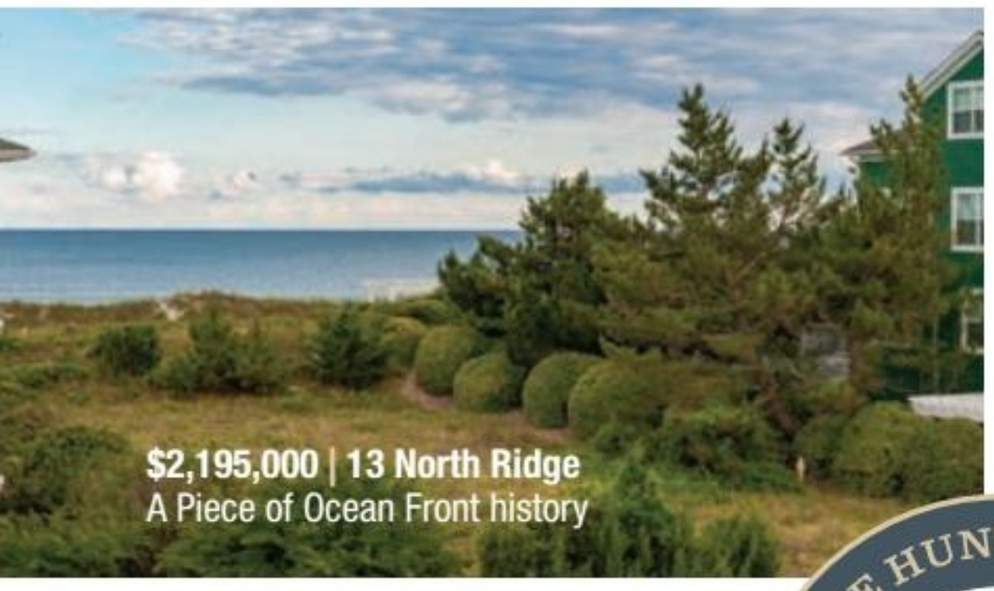
Jim brings an accounting background to the firm. As a UNC grad, he went right into the corporate world, but the coastal lifestyle soon lured him away. It wasn't hard to persuade his wife to come along. When not talking real estate – you might find Jim behind a grill, he's one of the best cooks on the island.



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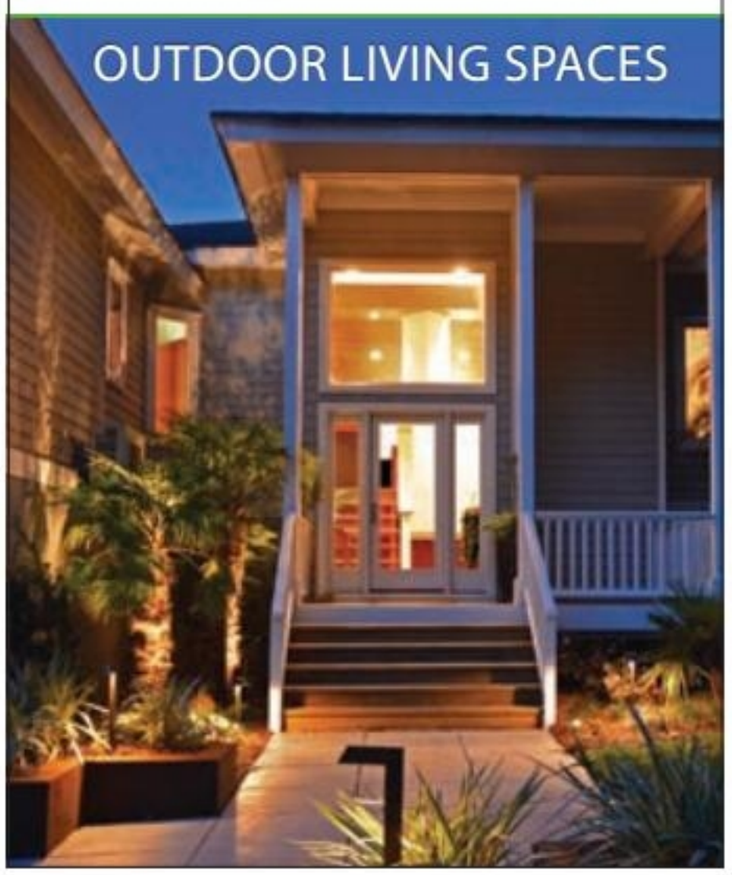

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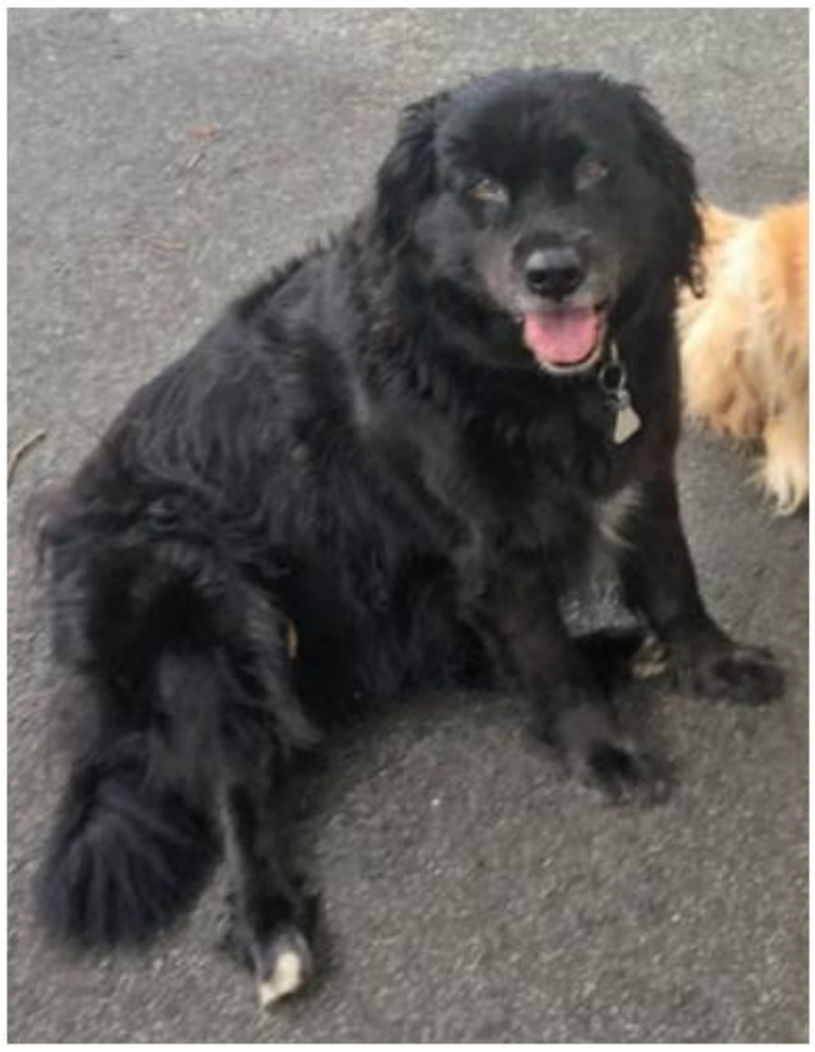
Lulu and The Mull



By Jim Dodson

This is a story about two beautiful dogs, one that I've known for a decade, the other for less than an hour.

One is my canine soul mate — my God Dog, as I think of her.

The other briefly touched my soul.

So here's the tale: It was rush hour and I was running late for an afternoon speaking event. On the horizon, the sky was black, the first fierce thunderstorm of the season was breaking.

The traffic was heavy. Everyone was hurrying home before the tumult broke.

That's when I saw the dog.

Approaching one of the busiest intersections in the city, traffic zooming in all four directions, a dog bolted across the road two cars ahead of me. Both cars swerved and the driver directly in front slammed on brakes, allowing the dog to barely make the landscaped traffic island. As I watched, the animal started to cross the oncoming lane, causing a blast of horns and automotive mayhem. One car just missed her, another swerved. the dog jumped back onto the island.

Some things are pretty simple. I stopped my car in traffic and got out, opening a back door, hoping the terrified dog would jump in. She didn't. She merely stared at me, frightened, panting and exhausted.

Over the decades, traveling hundreds of roads large and small, including in at least two foreign countries, I've pulled off busy highways to try and help dogs in distress, not to mention at least one chicken and probably half a dozen snapping turtles.

In almost every case, a good outcome resulted.

That was certainly the case 10 years ago when I pulled into a park to give a talk at a festival and saw a skinny black dog bolt across busy US Highway 1 in Aberdeen, narrowly avoiding the wheels of a FedEx truck.

Moments later, as I parked the car, the same skinny dog — a black pup with a white star on her chest — streaked past me, headed for some kids playing near the woods. An hour later, as I was leaving the park, the same black streak passed again, heading straight back to the busy highway.

I squatted and called out, "Hey, black dog! Stop! Come here."

To this day, I don't know why the dog stopped. But she did, whipped around and looked directly at me. We were maybe half a football field apart.

Then she did something amazing. It may have even changed my life. It certainly improved it.

The dog ran straight to me and jumped into my arms, like she'd known me forever. She was filthy, a wiggly pup with liquid brown eyes, a runaway or a stray, the happiest dog I'd ever seen.

I asked some park maintenance men if they knew where she came from or who she might belong to. There was no collar.

"That dog don't belong to nobody. She's been around here a week or more," one of the workmen said. "I think she lives in the woods and eats from the garbage cans. We can't catch her. How did you?"

"She just came to me when I called."

He laughed. "Guess that means she's your dog now."

I asked the kids by the woods, too. "She lives in the woods," one told me. "You should see her run. She catches squirrels and birds and stuff. Fast as lightning."

So I took her to three different shelters in the county. Two were full occupancy. By the time we reached the no-kill shelter in a neighboring county, the dusty pup was sitting on the center console between the front leather seats of my new car, making herself at home. She was actually leaning against me.

The women who ran the shelter gave her a shot of worming medication, a small biscuit and said to me with a smile, "That dog really seems to like you."

So I took her home to my cottage and phoned my wife in Maine to let her know I'd found a pup running wild and might need to keep her until I could find her owner.

My wife laughed. We already had two dogs, a pair of aging golden retrievers.

"Of course you will."

"Just until I find her owner."

"Sure. If you say so."

I bathed the pup. She hated it but came out shiny as a baby sea lion.

Next I fed her a can of Alpo. She ate the food in three gulps and threw it up with several small animal bones. The girl was obviously a hunter. I thought of calling her Diana, Greek goddess of the hunt.

That night I heard snoring and rolled over to find the pup lying on her back next to me in bed, head on the pillow, snoring to beat the band. When I spoke to her, she looked at me with the most soulful brown eyes I'd ever seen and thumped her tail.

I ran an ad in the newspaper but never found an owner.

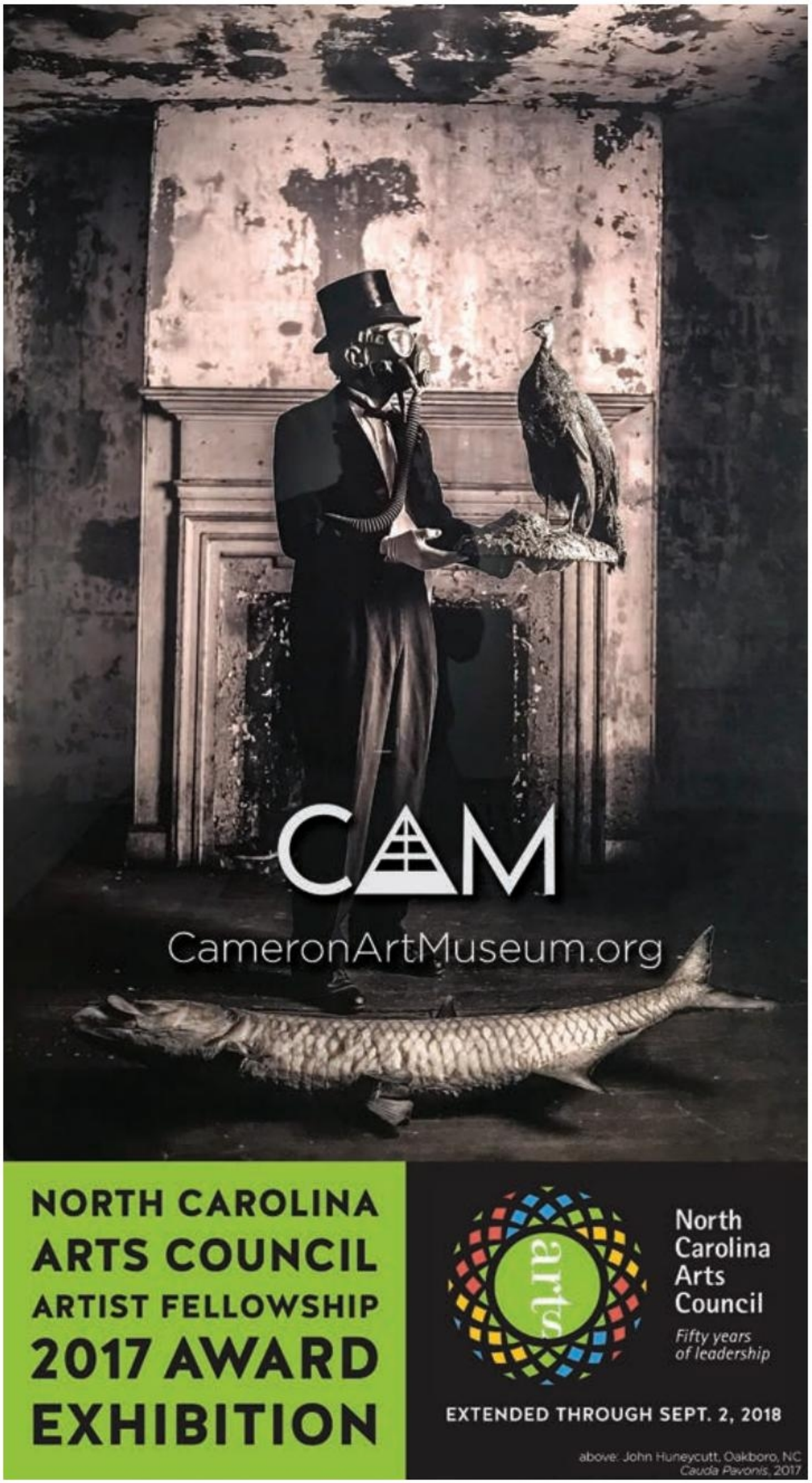
Looking back, I'm certain the universe never intended me to find an owner. The pup had found me.

I named her Mulligan, a second chance dog, or "The Mull" or "Mully" for short. Some people have a God Parent or God Child. I have a God Dog, an animal divinely sent to keep an eye on me. Dog, after all, is simply God spelled backwards.

She and I have been together over a decade now, traveling pals through life, best friends who have gone down many roads in each other's company. Wherever I go, she goes – to the garden, to the store, ever watchful, always waiting, ready to ride. The Mull sleeps beside my side of the bed. And when I leave bed well before dawn, my God Dog follows me and my cup of coffee outside to sit beneath the morning stars to reconnect with the universe.

When Ajax, our big retriever that I call "Junior," finally lumbers out for our morning walk around the neighborhood, The Mull is ready to lead the pack. Junior is young, spoiled, far too good looking for his own good. He knows four or five good words like "walk" and "Cookie." But the The Mull hasn't given up on him, thinks there's hope for him yet. Mully has the vocabulary of a gifted middle-schooler – or at least telepathic powers.

In any case, she roams ahead off the lead, scouting the world where she once ran wild, seeing everything that moves around us, smiling the entire time. Junior lumbers behind, basically oblivious save for the grazing rabbits in yards, carrying his own lead,



impressed with himself, following the family alpha dog.

Ironically, I didn't have the God Dog with me the afternoon I stopped rush-hour traffic in two directions for half a dozen blocks while trying to coax the terrified dog on the island into my car. Fortunately a woman driving the other way stopped traffic on her side of the island and got out to lend a hand. And a second driver appeared with a cup of water, hoping the dog would pause to drink so we could grab her.

For several minutes — a small eternity it seemed rather hopeless. She ran circles around my car, was visibly tempted to jump in, but eluded our efforts. Finally, as she rounded the corner for the umpteenth time, I dove and grabbed her by the back leg.

People applauded and tooted their horns supportively.

I thanked the two guardian angels who stopped to help but only caught their first names – Laura and Sean

I took the dog straight home. Mulligan and Ajax warmly welcomed her. But the newcomer was so skittish, she raced behind my den chair and refused to move until The Mull, my wise old foundling, went and sat with her for a spell. It was like watching a family counselor at work, the God Dog doing her thing.

The dog eventually calmed down enough to come out from behind the chair to drink some water and take a biscuit from my hand. I saw a faded tag with a phone number on her narrow collar. Her name was Lulu. The phone number was a Los Angeles number. I called it anyway.

After several rings a woman answered. "Do you have a dog named Lulu?" I asked.

"I sure do," she said. "You found her? I've been so worried. She ran away a when the thunderstorm broke. Lightning struck and she was gone."

Lulu lived more than 4 miles away. She'd had never stopped running until she'd reached the traffic island.

"Well, she's safe now at our house." I gave her our address.

She pulled up 20 minutes later, expressed deep gratitude and informed me that she and Lulu were about to relocate to France.

"I can't believe she let you get near her. She's terrified of lightning *and* people. It's a miracle you could catch her."

"I had some help." I mentioned the two angels on the road and the help of Junior and The Mull.

She scratched Mulligan's head. The God Dog smiled, As always, her brown eyes shined, her tail wagged.

"What a sweet dog. How long have you had her?" she asked.

"Not long enough. Just 10 years." I told her about saving Mully from a busy highway, joking how it was she who really saved me.

Contact Editor Jim Dodson at jim@thepilot.com.

SaltWorks

Mutiny on the Battleship

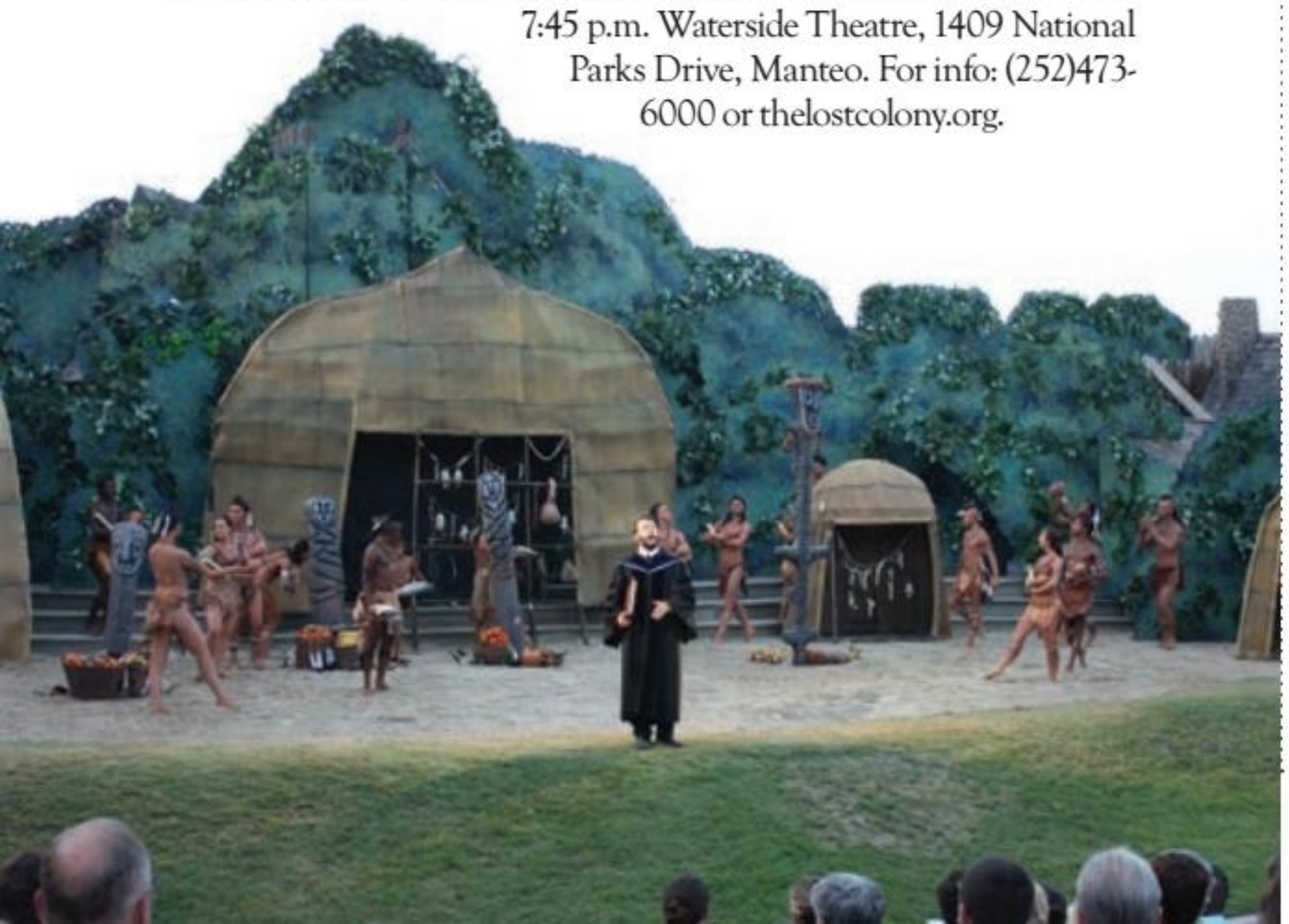
The Caine-Mutiny Court-Martial, based on Herman Wouk's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel, *The Caine Mutiny*, has been adapted by the Thalian Association Community Theatre aboard the fantail of the *U.S.S. North Carolina*. Directed by Jordan Wolfe, the performance will be followed by the City of Wilmington's annual fireworks show. Tickets: $25-50. July 4, 7 p.m. Fireworks at 9 p.m. Battleship North Carolina, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1788 or battleshipnc.com.

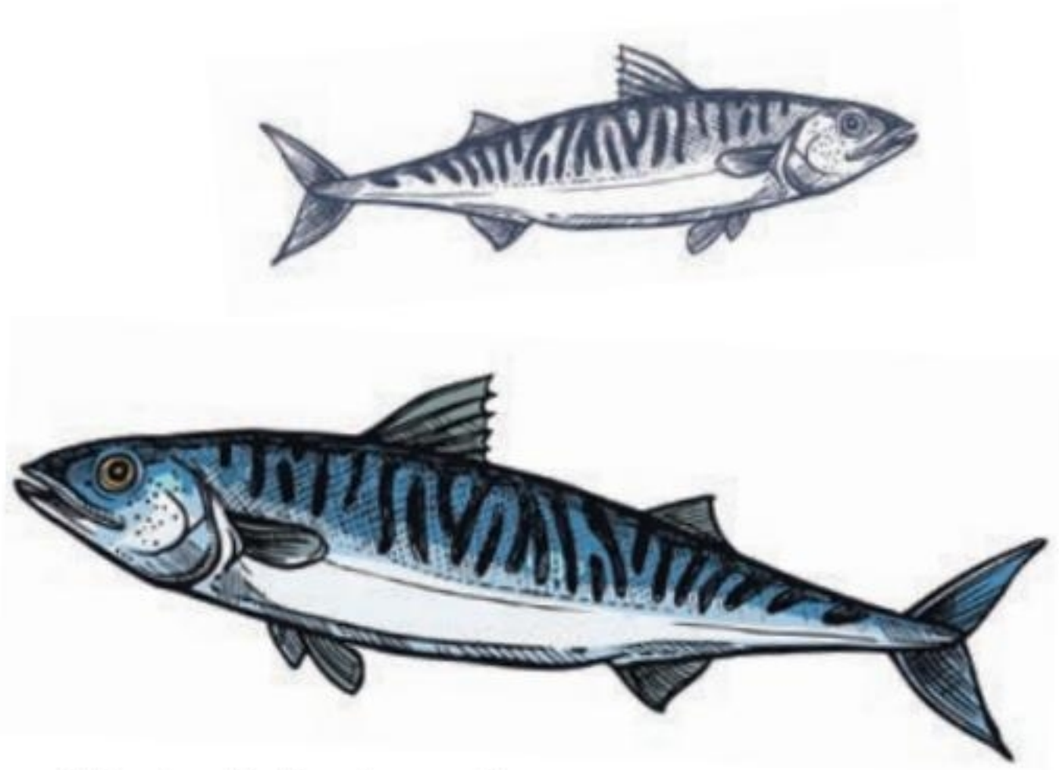
Stars and Stripes on Parade

The 4th of July has been celebrated in the maritime community of Southport for more than 200 years. (During the Colonial era, ships docked in the harbor and shot salutes with their cannons.) Known as the North Carolina 4th of July Festival since 1972, this year's events (several days' worth) include a shag contest; the 35th annual firefighters competition, featuring a ladder climb, tanker tug and bucket brigade; a summer art show; and, of course, the parade, followed by evening fireworks. Admission is free. See website for full schedule of events. Nash and Howe Streets, Southport. For info: (910) 457-5578 or nc4thofjuly.com.

The Lost Colony

Take a road trip to the Outer Banks this month to see *The Lost Colony*, America's longest-running symphonic drama. Written by Pulitzer Prize–winning playwright Paul Green and produced by the Roanoke Island Historical Association, it tells the story of the mysterious disappearance of the first English colony in North America on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. This summer is the 81st annual staging of the production, which features a cast of more than 130 actors, technicians, designers and volunteers. It's an experience not to be missed. Various prices; see website for ticketing and discount information. July 1 - 31, 7:45 p.m. Waterside Theatre, 1409 National Parks Drive, Manteo. For info: (252)473-6000 or thelostcolony.org.



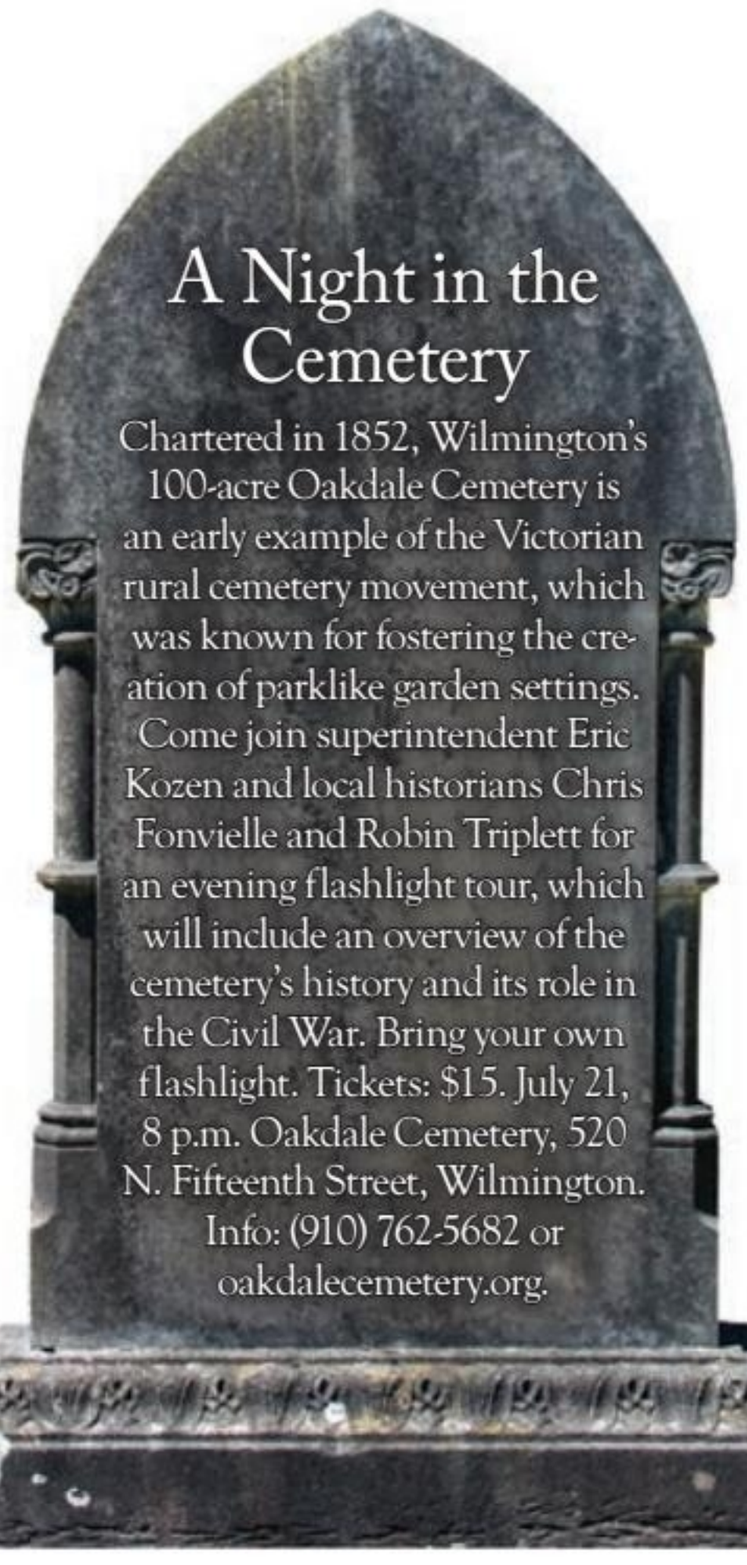


Holy Mackerel

The East Coast Got Em On King Mackerel Classic is a weekend-long celebration of all things angler, and is one of the oldest fishing tournaments in the South. The event draws more than 200 boats from all over North and South Carolina and features live music on both Friday and Saturday nights. The two-day competition has an entry fee of $250 per boat through July 2; $300 thereafter. The winner takes home a prize of $20,000. Registration and rules are available online. July 13-15. Carolina Beach Municipal Docks, Canal Drive, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 470-1374 or gotemonlineclassic.com.

If Music Be the Food of Love…

The Alchemical Theatre, established by creative director Christopher Marino, is a professional acting troupe in Wilmington devoted to the works of William Shakespeare. This summer, the group celebrates its third season with a performance of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* as part of the Lumina Festival for the Arts. Tickets: $24-48. July 12 -28. SRO Theatre, 615 Hamilton Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-4045 or alchemicaltheatreco.org.



A Night in the Cemetery

Chartered in 1852, Wilmington's 100-acre Oakdale Cemetery is an early example of the Victorian rural cemetery movement, which was known for fostering the creation of parklike garden settings. Come join superintendent Eric Kozen and local historians Chris Fonvielle and Robin Triplett for an evening flashlight tour, which will include an overview of the cemetery's history and its role in the Civil War. Bring your own flashlight. Tickets: $15. July 21, 8 p.m. Oakdale Cemetery, 520 N. Fifteenth Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-5682 or oakdalecemetery.org.

Lumina Festival

The Lumina Festival, presented by UNCW and Opera Wilmington, returns this summer with a celebration of the arts of the coastal South. Among this month's offerings: the Alchemical Theatre's production of *Twelfth Night*, a concert by celebrated musician and singer Rhiannon Giddens, the UNCW Summer Jazz Workshop, and Opera Wilmington's production of *Die Fledermaus*. For single tickets and passes, see website. July 12- 29, various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or uncw.edu/arts/lumina.

Jazz at the Beach

Celebrating its ninth summer, the Ocean City Jazz Festival takes its name from the historic Ocean City community on Topsail Island, which was founded as a beach resort for African-Americans in 1949. The festival grew out of a jazz performance to celebrate the 60th anniversary of the community. This year's lineup includes the Skip Walker Band featuring Kia Walker, Derrick Gardner with the John Brown Quintet, Julian Vaughn and Karen Briggs, among others. Tickets: Various prices. See website. July 7 and 8, 5 p.m. Pavilion Tent at Historic Ocean City, 2649 Island Drive, North Topsail Beach. Info: (910) 459-9263 oceancityjazzfest.com.

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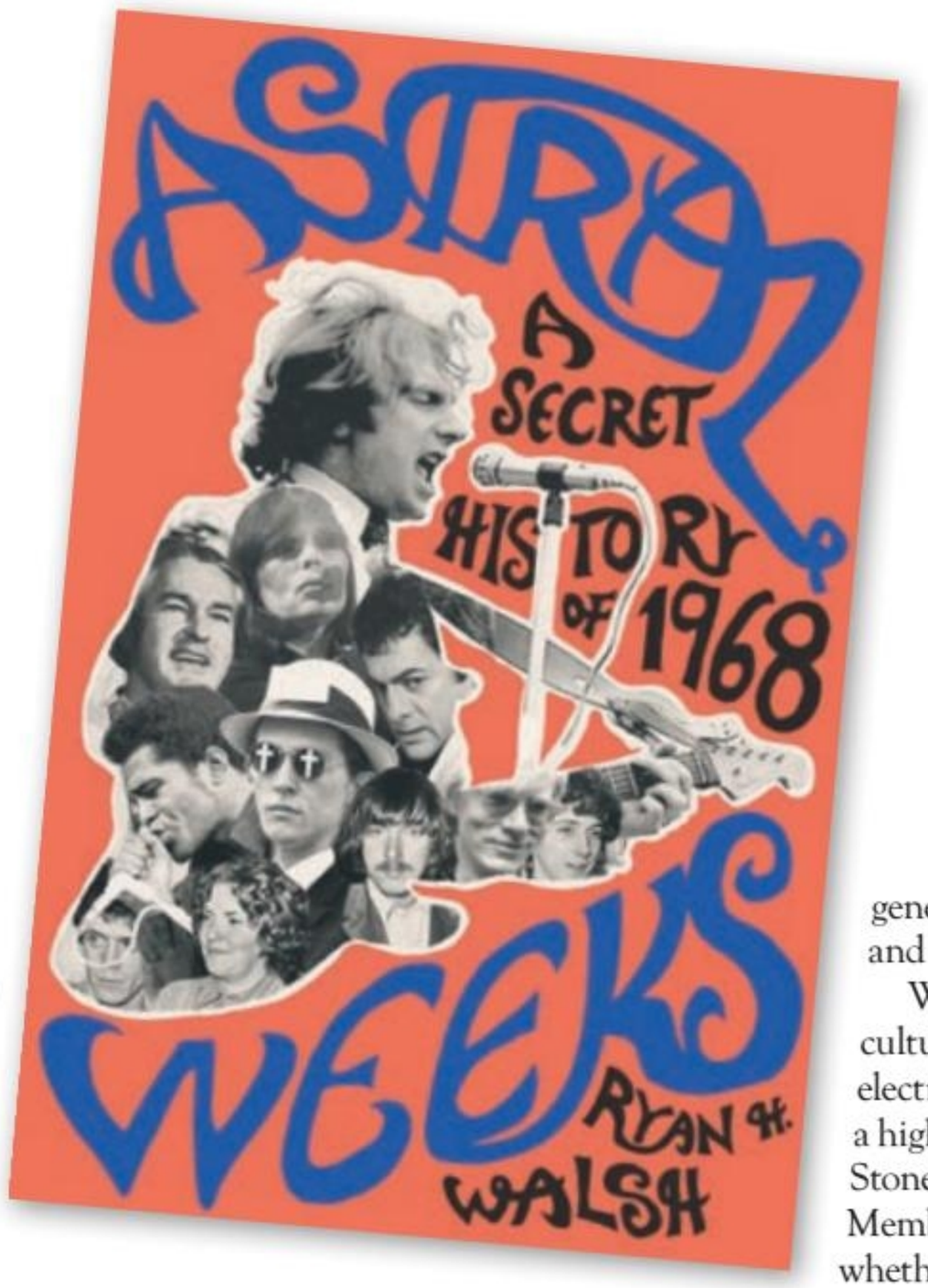
To Boston and Back

A history of the psychedelic '60s



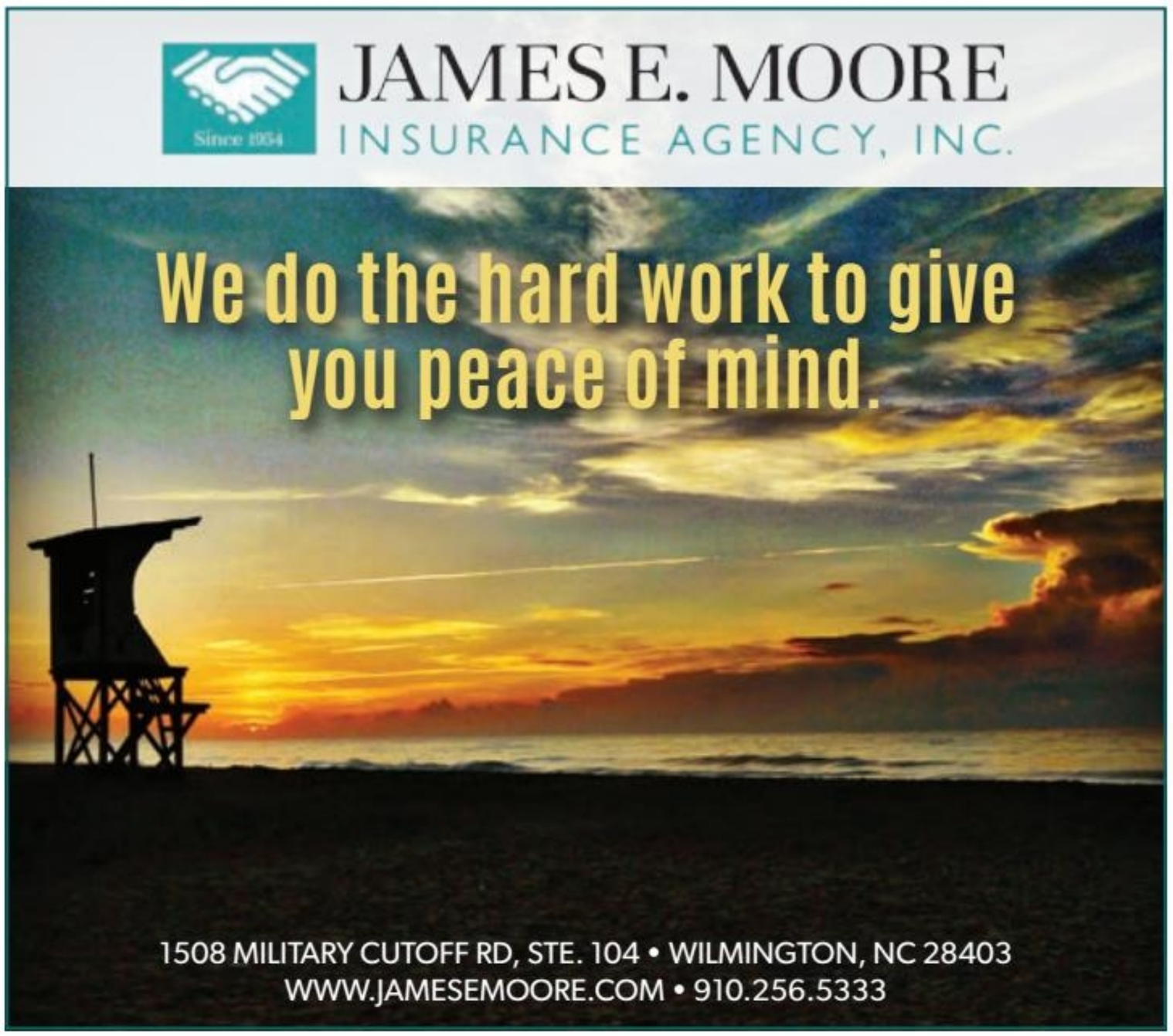
By Stephen E. Smith

The stoner who said "If you remember the '60s, you weren't really there" got it wrong. Most of us who lived through those times recall what went down, even if we *did* inhale. But if your memory is less than eidetic, Ryan H. Walsh's *Astral Weeks: A Secret History of 1968* is an engrossing aide-mémoire, a jumbled catchall of social upheavals and artistic convergences that occurred in Boston half a century ago.

Walsh focuses on two narrative threads, one societal and the other musical, that evolved in parallel. The first is the founding of Mel Lyman's Fort Hill Community, variously identified as a commune, cult or family; and the other is Van Morrison's mystic stream-of-consciousness song cycle *Astral Weeks* recorded while the Irish blues rocker was hiding out in Beantown. Both events, although unrelated, had a transmutative effect on a flower-power generation searching for "peace and love" and alternative lifestyles.

Walsh begins with the not-so-secret culture-shifting decision by Bob Dylan to electrify his backup band and crank out a high-decibel version of "Like a Rolling Stone" at the 1965 Newport Folk Festival. Members of the audience still debate whether Dylan was greeted with widespread booing, but Walsh maintains the crowd was exiting in a funk when harmonica player Mel Lyman took the stage and intoned a 20-minute dirge-like rendition of "Rock of Ages." Lyman was a member of Jim Kweskin's Jug Band, a Boston group that had achieved modest national success. By 1966, he'd emerged as the charismatic leader of a community that squatted in abandoned houses in the Fort Hill section of Roxbury.

Lyman had drifted from California to North Carolina (he learned to play banjo from Asheville's Obray Ramsey) and settled in Boston, attracting a coterie of subservient followers. His Fort Hill Community was no run-of-the-mill hippie commune. Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette, the stars of Michelangelo Antonioni's film *Zabriskie Point*; Paul Williams, the publisher of *Crawdaddy* magazine; musician Jim Kweskin; Jessie Benton, the daughter of Thomas Hart Benton; two children of the novelist Kay Boyle; and Owen DeLong, a speechwriter for Robert Kennedy, were all active members of the Fort Hill family.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OMNIVOROUS READER

Lyman asserted complete control over community members and employed LSD trips, astrological readings and physical intimidation to maintain discipline. Members remodeled dilapidated dwellings and distributed the counterculture biweekly newspaper *Avatar* to support themselves. The cult's sole purpose was to serve Mel Lyman and his creative enterprises, and in 1973, Frechette and two other members of the family attempted, ostensibly at Lyman's bidding, to rob a Roxbury bank to fund a film project. One member was killed by police, and Frechette was sentenced to prison, where he died under suspicious circumstances. Walsh delves into the cult's internal disputes, most of which concerned the content and publication of *Avatar*, and he details the less seemly workings of the Fort Hill Community, branches of which are still active in Boston, Los Angeles and Kansas. What became of Mel Lyman is a mystery. It was reported that he died in 1978, but no death certificate is known to exist.

The second thread of Walsh's secret history traces singer-songwriter Van Morrison's gradual rise to national prominence via his recording of *Astral Weeks*, a 1968 Warner Brothers release that went unnoticed at the time but has since achieved cult status. Morrison had first emerged on the music scene as the lead singer of the Belfast band Them, who charted with "Gloria" and "Here Comes the Night." Morrison had a 1967 solo hit with "Brown-Eyed Girl," but he'd made a bad business decision, signing with Bang Records, a company with mob connections. Warner Brothers had to buy out Morrison's contract, and the singer moved from New York to Boston with his girlfriend Janet Rigsbee (aka Janet Planet), where he began composing the songs for *Astral Weeks* and playing rock clubs, high school gyms, roller rinks and amusement parks across New England with a group of local musicians known collectively as the Van Morrison Controversy.

To record *Astral Weeks*, Morrison traveled from Boston to New York and laid down the tracks backed by jazz pros who'd never heard of the 22-year-old singer-song-

writer wailing away in the vocal booth. Morrison never spoke to the studio musicians, but guitarist Jay Berliner, drummer Connie Kay, vibraphonist Warren Smith and bassist Richard Davis (the name of the flutist is lost to history) provided the backing that helped bring Morrison's lyrics to life. The songs are about childhood, death and rebirth, and in "Madame George," "Cyprus Avenue," "Astral Weeks," "Slim Slow Slider," "Sweet Thing" and "Beside You," Morrison's craggy voice rings with a coarse authenticity. *Astral Weeks* has survived and sweetened over the years, and Walsh's thorough investigation of the recording process reveals the inner workings of the musical experience without diminishing the album's subtle ability to mesmerize listeners.

A slew of pop culture luminaries make brief appearances in Walsh's history: Lou Reed of the Velvet Underground; Peter Wolf, future front man of the J. Geils Band; bluesman Howlin' Wolf; singer-songwriter Jonathan Richman; Tufts University Shakespeare scholar David Silver; LSD guru Timothy Leary; and others. Since video and audio recordings of most of the principals exist, readers can access images of the characters and hear the crazy ideas they espoused. Dick Cavett's painfully uncommunicative interview with Daria Halprin and Mark Frechette can be viewed on YouTube, and the album *Astral Weeks* is streamable on internet devices, as are numerous recordings of Mel Lyman, including his Newport Folk Festival "Rock of Ages" performance and eerie album cuts featuring Lyman and the Fort Hill Community. *Jim Kweskin's America Co-Starring Mel Lyman and the Lyman Family* is available on CD. Fifty years out, a replay of these historic recordings in conjunction with a reading of Walsh's detailed history will remind readers that the Grateful Dead had it right all along: "What a long strange trip it's been."

Stephen E. Smith is a retired professor and the author of seven books of poetry and prose. He's the recipient of the Poetry Northwest Young Poet's Prize, the Zoe Kincaid Brockman Prize for poetry and four North Carolina Press awards.

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The Real News

A few minutes with Pam Sander of the StarNews

By Dana Sachs

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARK STEELMAN

Pam Sander

Job: Executive Editor, *Wilmington StarNews*

First moved to Wilmington:
1986. Then left. Then came back again

Favorite spots:

1. A barstool at Southern Thai Restaurant, with a glass of wine and her iPad
2. Going down the Intracoastal Waterway to Holden Beach
3. Back porch. Night. Big cup of decaf

Why should people read local news?
In North Carolina we have tiny communities — much smaller than Wilmington — that are on the verge of becoming what we call "a news desert." In these communities, if you don't have a newspaper, there's no watchdog reporting. There's no recording of history. One hundred years from now, what will people be taught about lessons learned, or who did what when? Just the idea of a newspaper helps some people do the right thing.

Do your readers understand the importance of local media?
Yes. I tell young journalists that we are trying to build a bridge across this thing called the Internet during a hurricane, and we're having to buy the parts as we go. And so it's hard. That said, we have more readers, combining digital and print, than we've ever had.

Is there a financial model for this?
Not a great one, actually. The business model from old days

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doesn't work. [We have to be] increasingly responsive to our audiences. Every real newspaper has digital subscriptions now. You find me one that doesn't have a pay-wall and I'll give you one that's about to go out of business. The digital subscription is where your online revenue is the surest thing.

But people don't want to pay, right?
Right. And, sadly, there are other local news organizations that tell everybody that we charge and they'll give it to you for free. What a disservice that is doing to our industry. And you get what you pay for. I subscribe to *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* and I feel it my honor to have a digital subscription because that's what it means to support journalism.

What about "fake news" and the lack of education about media literacy?
You are always going to have people who want to believe whatever [aligns with] their beliefs, but I do think people are being a little more cognizant these days: "Oh, this website that has "Russia' in its name. Is this believable?"

These days, *The StarNews* is owned by GateHouse Media, and the production staff is in Texas. How does that affect what you do here in Wilmington?
There's downsides. There's things you give up. GateHouse is not perfect, but they are a newspaper company and they are working really hard to get us to a point where we can be a viable industry for a thousand years.

I see people here getting so frustrated about traffic, development and the environment. How are you covering these issues?
Sherry Jones, our managing editor in Wilmington, has totally embraced the concept of "Do Journalism with Impact." The point is, it's really easy when you are covering a beat — you cover something and you move on. But traffic, development, salaries, education — these [issues] fall through the cracks when you focus on day-to-day. So we're kicking that back up and involving more reporters. Because it is really not one beat. It's every facet of life here.

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THE CONVERSATION

What about the coverage of racism and diversity?
We've been covering racism in the schools, not just crime and cop news. And Northside is a great example. For more than a year now we have reported on that growth's effect [and potential effect] on current residents. We've held two forums focusing on predominantly black communities. And we're writing stories about great work and great lives in those communities, from profiles of business owners to people watching out for their neighborhoods and others who are investing.

Are you trying to increase diversity in your newsroom?
Oh, my God, yes. We want that, but how do we get it? Black kids who grow up here and have the ability, they leave for college and they don't come back

What local issues keep you awake at night?
I love this community, but we do a lot of expansion and building projects without regard to . . . navigation. You've got to be thoughtful. And I'm not against Mayfaire. Bring me a P.F. Chang's! But we've got to do better at not moving forward based on where the money's coming from. Let them build 50 stories up, but how is it affecting traffic?

Why do planners keep saying yes?
We had that lull of real estate depression. They're so excited that someone's building again: "Yay! Another neighborhood!" I think it was Blake Shelton — I love *The Voice* — who said, "When you become a star, you don't know it until it's way past when it's happened." I think [development in Wilmington]kind of works like that. Suddenly, you look around and go, "Oh, my God, there's five new apartment communities within a 2-mile radius and no traffic plans."

So, if overdevelopment keeps you awake at night, what helps you sleep?
This community is such a cool mix of what's good about living. We have huge retirement communities, but at the same time we have a downtown where at 2 a.m.

there are police patrolling on horseback because there are so many young people coming out of the bars. Then you add the beach on top of that. That's what makes me sleep well at night.

***The StarNews* has gotten attention recently for reporting on water quality issues, particularly in regard to the Chemours plant's release of the toxic chemical GenX into the Cape Fear River. How did that story come about?**
One of our former reporters, Vaughn Hagerty, told me about it. An N.C. State professor did a study a few years before, but academics do things and unless there's somebody that says, "Hey, we need to get this out to the public," they do their research and only report their findings to the Cape Fear Public Utility Authority. Then, the CFPUA look at it and say, "Well, we'll let the state handle that because that's their thing. If they say it's OK, then it's OK." Well, it really wasn't OK.

Why wasn't it OK?
If it looks like a pig and smells like a pig, it might be a pig. [Chemours] said — and I'm summarizing here — 'Oh, there's been limited testing, but we feel good about it!' [GenX] looked a lot like the [toxic chemical]C8, but they were saying that they'd created a better version. They were lying. And what was it doing in the Cape Fear River? It's really a disgrace that the state can't just say, "You're shut down." Shut them down. They have lied repeatedly.

Why have your reporters been so dogged about this issue?
I'm convinced that if we don't keep pushing, nothing will change. This is why we do what we do — making sure that the checks and balances are there. It is taxing on us. It's boring sometimes. But this is why we are journalists.

Do you drink the water in Wilmington?
I don't.

Dana Sachs's latest novel, The Secret of the Nightingale Palace, *is available at bookstores, online and throughout Wilmington.*

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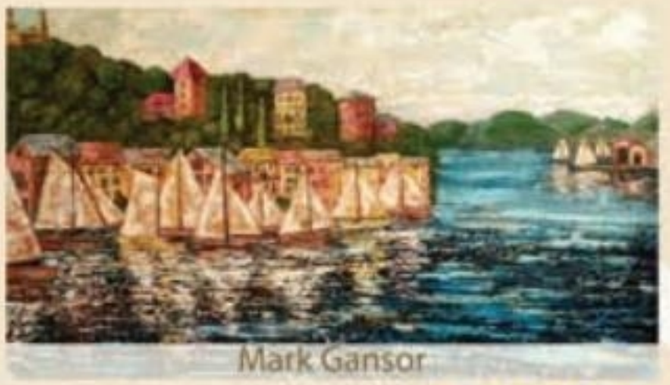
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The Perfect Martini

How to create – or botch – a great one

By Tony Cross

PHOTOGRAPH BY TONY CROSS

After closing,

I rent out the kitchen at Nature's Own to work on prepping and batching kegged cocktails. I get ideas just walking around the store grabbing ingredients. One night as I passed the shelf of vermouths, I thought to myself, "Self, I probably need to re-up on some Dolin. Why have people been telling me about their terrible martinis lately?" Let's talk about what you (or your bartender) are doing wrong.

The martini is the international symbol for cocktails. I just made that up. Or maybe not. What other shape — whether it's a neon sign, printed on oven towels, or painted on a canvas at Bed, Bath & Beyond — represents an alcoholic drink that's recognized everywhere? Everyone over 21 knows about the martini. This doesn't mean that everyone has tried one, much less *enjoyed* this quintessential classic. I can certainly tell you that I *did not* fall in love my first go-round. Quite the opposite, actually. If memory serves, I believe all I was drinking was cold, lousy gin, in a martini glass. What a moment.

From talking to my bar guests in the past, to chatting with friends and clients, here are some tips:

Just because it's in a martini glass doesn't make it a martini.

I'm getting this one out of the way, because you'd think it should be self-explanatory, but . . .

What recipe?

OK, this one should be pretty obvious, but just like with other cocktails out there, a lot of bartenders (home or away) just throw it all in there and don't look back. Unless you're quite skilled, stick to measuring. You might think you look cool behind the bar free-pouring that loooonnnngg stream of gin (probably vodka), but you don't. If it doesn't taste good, your guests are ordering something else. Plus, you just poured 4 ounces of gin in an oversized martini glass, and made your server spill it all over his/her hand. Good job. Do this instead: Order some jiggers from a reputable online store (I love the Japanese style) and measure. Consistency is key, and you want your guests coming back every evening because they know that your martini is the best every single time.

What vermouth?

A majority of bars across this county (and country) have rancid vermouth on the shelf. I was recently at a local spot that I wouldn't have guessed would do such a thing. I didn't have the heart to say anything, but luckily my buddy did. Vermouth is fortified wine, so you have to treat it like a wine, and refrigerate it. It'll last for months (if you're doing it right, you'll be running out before that's even an issue). You can also opt for smaller bottles if you're not making many on average. When it comes to which kind, Dolin Dry has my heart. This French vermouth has been in production since 1821 and been in my belly since I was 21. Just kidding, I was drinking Jägerbombs at 21.

Gin.

To the gin martini drinkers: Just any old gin won't do. It's true that we have lots of local distilleries popping up, and they're making some fantastic stuff, but for a martini, for me, it's got to be Plymouth Gin. It's so soft, with slight earthy-like undertones. I've never been great at describing spirits on my own, so there you go. Soft and earthy. But really, some other gins have a ton of different botanicals going on, and it's just too much for me. Plymouth really mingles well with the vermouth. It allows both products to let each other shine. If Plymouth is not available, a London Dry will do. May I suggest Tanqueray 10?

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Execution.

In the 1971 copy of *Playboy's Host & Bar Book* (I am a loud and proud owner — Mom, I only read the recipes) it says, "A martini must be piercingly cold; at its best, both gin and vermouth are pre-chilled in the refrigerator, well stirred with ice and poured into a pre-chilled glass. Energetic stirring with the ice is all-important; the dilution makes the drink both smooth and palatable." (Mario, 1971) Yes! Especially that "energetic stirring" part. I'm stealing that. The martini needs to be silky smooth *and* ice-freaking-cold! Just cold is not going to cut it. If you are (as the same book calls its reader) a martini man, you should always keep your gin in the fridge. Having both your gin and vermouth cold from the start is going to help propel your martini to the next level.

We already know not to use bad ice, but let's refresh our memory really quick. Rubbish in, rubbish out. If your house water is great on its own, you shouldn't really worry. Chances are, that's not the case. So, get your own molds, and fill them with distilled water. Make sure that all of your ingredients go into an ice-cold mixing vessel. I prefer a mixing glass. If you've never used one, give it a shot. You can also try (after adding your gin and vermouth; see proportions in "Recipe", below) to completely fill up the vessel with crushed ice. You can't get much colder than that. You will be stirring, not shaking. If you're having a hard time stirring correctly, there are a couple of great videos on YouTube that can guide you. I'm not ashamed to tell you that's how I taught myself.

Recipe.

These vary slightly, but this is what I make for myself:
2 1/2 ounces Plymouth Gin
3/4 ounce Dolin Dry Vermouth

Strain into a chilled martini or coupe glass. Garnish with olive(s) or lemon peel.

Scroll up and repeat. I should note that some folks like to use a dash of orange bitters. If I do, it's with a blend that I've mixed from a few different companies. Not really a game changer.

Tony Cross is a bartender who runs cocktail catering company Reverie Cocktails *in Southern Pines.*

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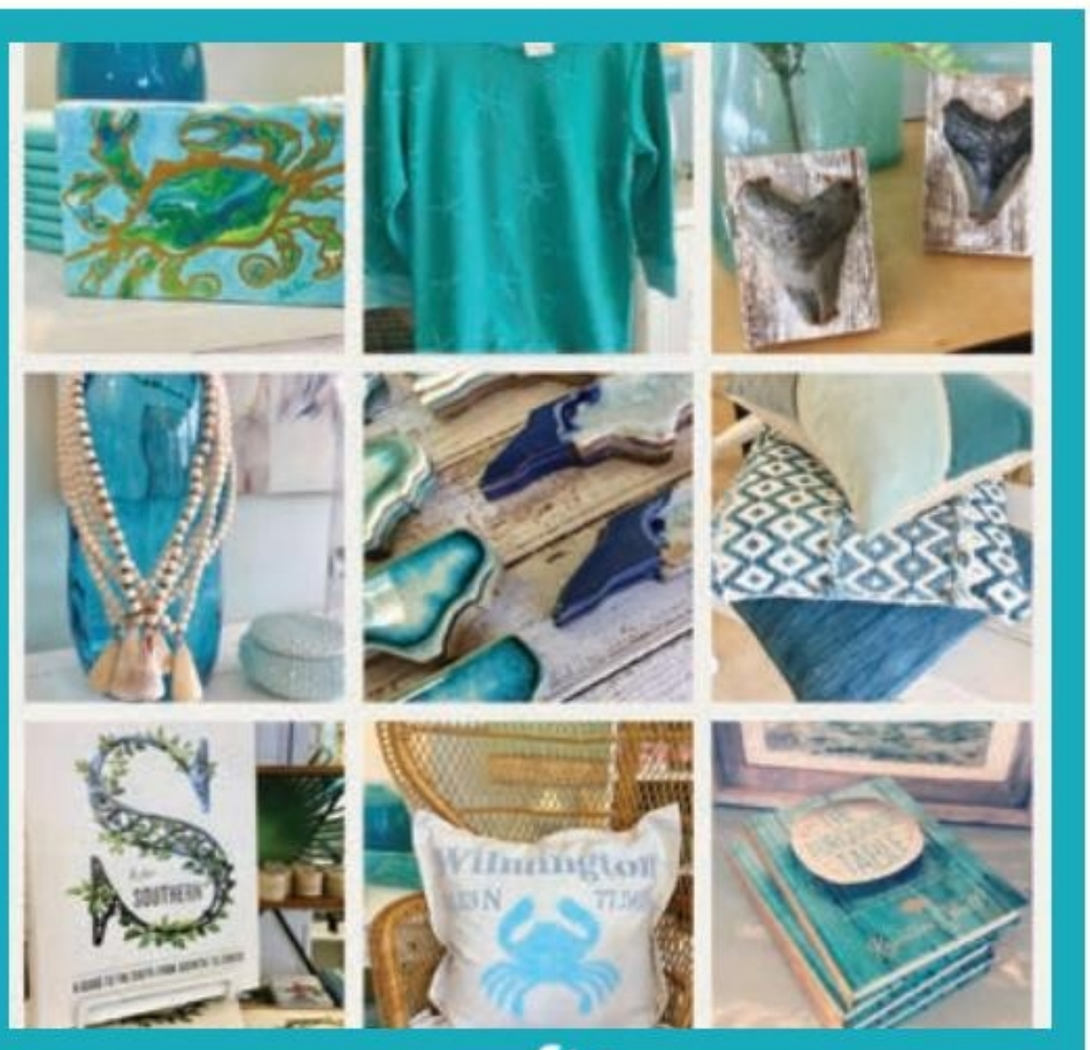

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Pamlico Perfection

There is no need for fancy cooking at the beach, especially when local shrimp are running

By Jane Lear

There is something freewheeling about beach house cookery. All the familiar props, from tools to staple foods, are gone, and most folks happily make do with whatever they can find in a stranger's kitchen cabinets and at the grocery store, seafood market and farm stand. Everything will taste delicious, after all, because most people who love the beach spend the entire day outdoors. Even if you do nothing more strenuous than laze under an umbrella with the latest page-turner, you somehow manage to work up an appetite.

That's why I am only fussy about a couple of things. The first is tomatoes. More often than not, I've been disappointed by the selection at coastal Carolina farm stands; typically, the tomatoes are commercial hybrids and not very interesting or flavorful. I always hedge my bets, then, by bringing plenty of good 'uns with me — both backyard beefsteaks and heirlooms in varying shapes, sizes and degrees of ripeness. I bring lots of them, enough for a week's worth of salads and the best sandwiches in the world. I pack them in low cardboard boxes and nestled in beach towels, stem-side up so their rounded shoulders won't get bruised.

I'm also uncompromising about finding local wild-caught shrimp, one of my favorite beach eats. The brown shrimp (*Farfantepenaeus aztecus*) that are running now are sweet and fat. And whether you buy them from a seafood purveyor or roadside cooler, don't be afraid to ask questions about their source. "Anyone selling shrimp should know who they purchased it from (if they didn't catch it themselves) and should be able to provide some details (e.g., the name of the boat, the fish house, area of the coast, etc.) if it's from North Carolina," writes Scott Baker, fisheries specialist for the NC Sea Grant Extension Program. "The NC Catch organization has a directory for seafood retailers that provide local products." NC Catch can be found online at nccatch.org.

The last North Carolina shrimp I had were real beauts — just hours out of the hold of a boat working Pamlico Sound. This shallow lagoon separating much of the Outer Banks from the mainland is a remarkable body of water; it's so broad and long that when explorer Giovanni da Verrazzano reached the coast in 1523, he thought he had reached the Pacific Ocean.

My extended family that gathers at the beach expands or contracts depending on circumstances. What never changes, though, is a love of the surf and a great reluctance to leave the beach in order to go make dinner. That means we all share kitchen duty — and no one ever complains about the fact that peel-your-own boiled shrimp is the default meal. Add corn on the cob and a platter of those tomatoes, and you have easily attainable perfection in no time flat.

When it comes to cooking shrimp, I'm a big believer in protecting the physical integrity — thus the flavor and tender texture — of seafood. Unless I'm stuck with very large shrimp, I never fool with

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deveining. Why open up that thin, resilient armor and risk coarsening such delicate meat? To my mind, there's no beating the succulence of heads-on shrimp, but lots of people prefer the convenience that comes with buying them heads-off.

I also cook shrimp in the smallest amount of water I can get away with, covering them by just 2 inches or so. As far as the seasoning is concerned, I add a quartered lemon and enough sea salt to make cold tap water taste like the ocean. If you are a fan of a seafood boil blend such as Old Bay or Zatarain's, toss some in as well, but use a light hand — you don't want to overwhelm the clean, briny-sweet flavor of the shellfish.

James Beard famously declared that "the unpardonable fault in preparing shrimp is overcooking," therefore attention must be paid. After bringing the seasoned water to a boil, add the unpeeled shrimp and start timing from that moment. Depending on the size of the shrimp and how many pounds of them are in the pot, begin checking for doneness at about two minutes. Once the shrimp are a beautiful rosy-pink on the outside, opaque inside, and firm yet tender in texture (cut one open to check), immediately drain them in a colander.

Spread newspapers over the table and eat the shrimp hot out of the shell, with melted butter (add garlic or a spritz of lemon if the spirit moves), or cooled, with a horseradishy cocktail sauce. A New Orleans-style rémoulade would be wonderful too, but I don't know — all that mincing and measuring sounds like too much work at the beach.

The adults in my crowd can easily put away at least three-quarters of a pound of shrimp per person. Any leftovers are tucked into the fridge for lunchtime shrimp rolls the next day. Peel the shrimp and cut them into chunks. Add some Duke's mayo, a little Dijon mustard, shredded carrot, chopped scallion, and perhaps some chopped red bell pepper or celery for crunch. Serve in lightly toasted hot dog buns. Then slather on more sunscreen and go outside. The surf is waiting.

Jane Lear was the senior articles editor at Gourmet *and features director at* Martha Stewart Living.

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Wine Uncorked

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN GESSNER

By Angela Sanchez

Why not drink

wine out of a can? Why not drink wine from a bottle with a screw cap or Stelvin closure? Maybe, even a keg? Before all of you confirmed cork devotees get too upset, I'm not talking about grand cru Burgundy or first growth Bordeaux or single vineyard California cabernet from Screaming Eagle. I'm talking about wine that is made to be consumed young — what some people refer to as table wine — without oak or bottle aging. It's the stuff we everyday folk consume on a regular basis. It's what we take on boats and road trips and keep chilled for the backyard barbecue and camping in the summer. It's the wine we have in the fridge and on the rack in the kitchen for when a friend drops by and needs a friendly ear. Nothing serious, just a good bottle we enjoy.

Like a lot of people these days, I want convenience that's also eco-friendly, but my primary reason for exploring alternative closures and vessels for wine is the cork itself. Harvested from cork trees grown in Portugal and then crafted into fitted closures for wine bottles, the cork contains living organisms that can go bad and "taint" the wine. It can happen as often as one in every 12 bottles. According to thekitchn.com, fungi which naturally reside in cork can come into contact with bleaches and other sterilization products found in wine cellars, tainting the wine and rendering it "corked." Have you ever opened a bottle of wine that smelled and/or tasted like wet cardboard or gym socks? At home you might suffer through it and never purchase that wine again. At a restaurant you paid double, sometimes triple, the actual cost of the bottle and probably just decided you didn't like the wine or simply chose the wrong bottle. But, no cork, no taint.

This, of course, doesn't apply to high-end premium wines, single-sourced or from small, highly acclaimed biodynamic vineyards. I'm talking about that bottle you pick up for under $15. If you're headed to the beach, boat or backyard this month, you want something that tastes good, fits in a cooler, chills quickly, stays that way, and is easily disposed of and recycled. And since you can't ask the waiter to bring you another bottle, it helps if it's not tainted. Convenience, taste and an eco-friendly container can all be achieved from wine with a screw cap, in a can, keg or even a box. Studies show, and I have confirmed through years as a wine professional, that screw caps and Stelvin closures keep wine fresher longer, creating less waste. You might even want to avoid the bottle altogether. No glass on the beach or by the pool, and who wants to dig around for a wine tool? One can of wine is equivalent to a half bottle. Coolers are made for cans and, at the end of the day, cans are recycled at an 80 percent rate compared to 20 percent for glass.

Let's face it, wine can be snobby. A lot of people don't even like to drink beer out of a can. To each his own. If nothing but a bottle with a cork will do, fine. But it is summer, so don't be afraid to try something for fun that's also convenient and friendly to the environment.

Keep your snacks simple too. Easy wine and summer outdoor activities require cheese with great flavor but not too serious aging or washing. Snacking cheese, not thinking cheese. Try a great aged cheddar like Tickler from England with a bit of crunch from whey protein or a Southern classic like pimento cheese. All Southern cooks have their own recipe, usually a blend of cheddars, pimentos, Duke's mayonnaise and maybe pickled jalapeños or olives. Easily shared and great with simple crackers or used as a dip with celery, pimento cheese is the perfect summer snack. Whatever you choose, it's July, summer is here, keep it simple and easy.

Angela Sanchez owns Southern Whey, a cheese-centric specialty food store in Southern Pines, with her husband, Chris Abbey. She was in the wine industry for 20 years and was lucky enough to travel the world drinking wine and eating cheese.

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Hit the Highway

An ode to the road

By Susan S. Kelly

It's a universal truth of summer in North Carolina, when the beach and the mountains become our magnetic poles, that sooner or later you're going to be traveling on Interstate 40. Or "Forty," as its fans and its haters call it.

I'm a fan.

You can have your backroads. How can a pastoral scene compare with the racetrack of 423.6 miles that (somewhat) horizontally slices the state? Every mile is pure entertainment. Sure, the "Bridge Ices Before Road" signs get boring, but the stuff people are hauling more than compensates. Where else but on I-40 in North Carolina can you find Christmas trees *and* golf carts *and* watermelons *and* boats? Plus, skis, surfboards, bicycles, kayaks, coolers, tobacco, cotton, horses, coon-hound cages, Airstreams, and the requisite pickup or two hauling a chest, a mattress, a La-Z-Boy, and a fake tree, tarp a' flappin'. It must be admitted that when I pass one of those silver-slatted semis, I strain to see if there are hogs inside, just before I avert my eyes and try not to think about their ultimate destination. Same for the vanilla-colored school bus whose sides read "Department of Prisons." Don't tell me you haven't tried to peer into those windows crisscrossed with wire. I grew up with a father who always pointed out the guy with the rifle on his shoulder while inmates worked on the roadsides. Don't see that much anymore, or those silvery mud flaps sporting silhouettes of naked ladies. Now the rigs are hot pink, for breast cancer. Progress.

I'm not the slightest bit offended if a rig driver honks at me as I pass. If someone still finds my 63-year-old knees attractive, I ain't complaining.

How does a town get a name like Icard?

I particularly like those lead drivers with flashing head and taillights that warn of "Wide Load." What a cool job. Like Dorothy Parker, who famously said that she'd never been rich, but thought she'd "be darling at it," so would I in one of those cars. Think of the books-on-tape you could finish.

The amazing variety of stuff dangling from rearview mirrors – sunglasses, leis, air fresheners, Mardi Gras beads – all give a glimpse into a driver's personality, like bumper stickers. (Question: How did so many Steelers fans wind up in North Carolina?) And while Virginia holds an unofficial record for vanity tags, I-40 is no slouch in that department, either. PRAZGOD. KNEEDEEP. IAMAJEDI. JETANGEL. Hair seems to be an ongoing tag topic: HAIRLOOM. NOHAIR. And this: SPDGTKT. Seriously, why not just call the cops instead of advertising?

I do not understand convertibles on interstates.

Do not fret yourself over aliens and vampires: If I-40 traffic is any indication, white pickup trucks are far more likely to take over the world.

You can't fail to notice, while the Athena cantaloupes you bought at the state farmers market are growing more and more fragrant in the backseat, that, let's face it, the flowers and trees planted in medians around Raleigh are way more attractive than anywhere else in the state. Harrumph. Near Fayetteville, D.C. license tags get more numerous, just as around Asheville, the Tennessee tags multiply, and around Benson, the New Yorks and Floridas proliferate.

Granted, I'd swap a few Bojangles and Cracker Barrel signs for South of the Border and Pedro puns on I-95, but that Mobile Chapel – a permanent trailer in the parking lot of a truck stop near Burlington – never fails to intrigue. As does Tucker Lake, a Johnston County curiosity with a fake beach and so kitted out with rope swings, slides, ski jumps, cables and random docks that you can scarcely see the water. Moreover, a stretch of I-40 around Greensboro has its own ghoulish nickname – "Death Valley" – for its unfortunate statistic of wrecks. And how about those cell towers disguised as pine trees? Come on. The "trees" are so spindly that they look like they belong, well, somewhere near the actual Death Valley.

So much to see from mountains to coast. What you won't see, though, is the sign where I-40 begins, in Wilmington, that reads "Barstow, California 2,554 miles." It was stolen so often that the DOT got tired of replacing it. Meanwhile, if you happen to have a list of locations for the elusive Dairy Queens along I-40, please text me. Calories don't count when you're a friend of Forty.

Susan Kelly is a blithe spirit, author of several novels, and proud grandmother.

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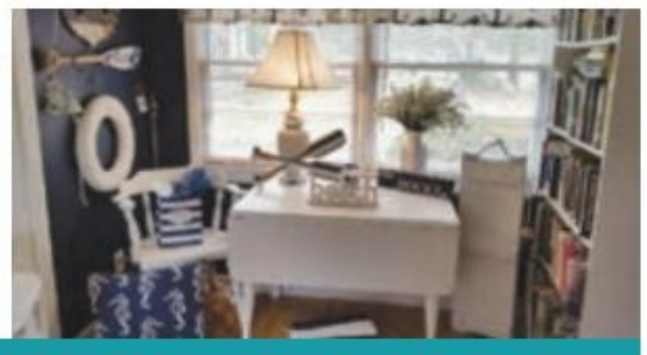

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Osprey

The big bird in the sky

By Susan Campbell

Very large birds flying high in the sky tend to get people's attention — even if they are not birdwatchers. Here in North Carolina we have a number of species that can be seen soaring along our coastline. One of the biggest is the "fish hawk," or as it is known officially, the osprey.

Although ospreys can sometimes be confused with eagles, their appearance is really not that similar. Indeed, both large species can be found in wet habitat, but that is where the similarity ends. Even at a great distance, their flight profiles are very different. Eagles have large, broad wings that are held flat while soaring. Osprey have long, more narrow wings that will always be crooked at the wrist and, as a result of lower wing loading, must flap their wings more so than eagles do. Ospreys do have a degree of pale feathering on their heads, they have a dark eye line, and their head and bill are nowhere as massive as that of an eagle. Furthermore, they have a dark tail and pale under-wing linings that are quite obvious when viewed from below.

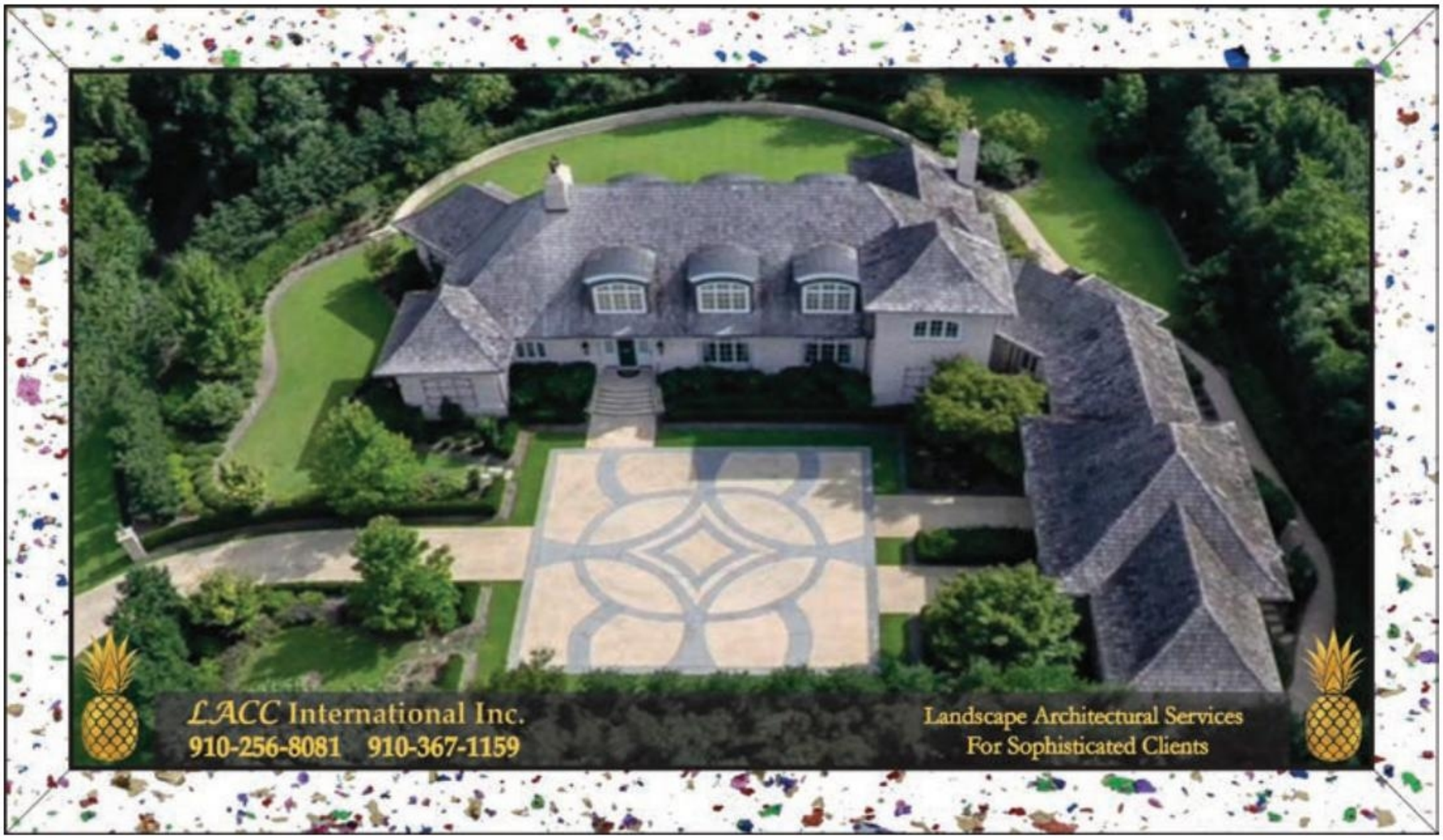
As you may have already guessed, these birds eat live fish: either saltwater or freshwater species. A meal can be literally anything the bird can carry. Ospreys will either watch for prey from a high perch or fly slowly, looking for fish close to the water's surface. They can also hover for short periods as they zero in on a potential meal. Only two other birds, the hummingbird and the kingfisher, are capable of this specialized behavior. Ospreys actually dive into the water to grab the fish they are after. And yes, their flight style was the inspiration for the famous Marine Corps aircraft of the same name.

Not only are these birds conspicuous in flight, but their nests are likely to get your attention as well. They are huge, stick-built affairs, built on a vertical surface of some kind in the open and over water. Man-made platforms can be erected for ospreys, but there are plenty of structures that they will use in coastal areas such as channel markers, pilings or communication towers. Of course, they will also take advantage of large dead or dying trees, setting up housekeeping in the topmost branches. Females will return to the same nest year after year if they successfully fledge young in that location. Each season they will add more material, creating a woven mass of large sticks, several feet across. And given the fact that ospreys live for decades, their nest can become a massive affair.

There are a number of osprey nests around Wilmington. Along the Intracoastal Waterway, at Airlie Gardens (by the Bradley Creek boardwalk), at the end of Wrightsville Avenue in Wrightsville Beach (on the cell tower) are all places you can likely spot a big pile of sticks with an adult osprey or two on top. If you get lucky you may glimpse a fuzzy white chick peering over the edge. Both adults will be busy raising their family for the next few months. Before too much longer they will wander south, separately, to Central or South America for the winter. Although there are a few osprey along our coast during the cooler months, they are likely migrants from farther north.

Our area is a terrific location for fish eaters of all kinds. So if a large powerful bird with M-shaped wings catches your eye or you hear a loud chirping, coming from on high, take a closer look: It may well be an osprey.

Susan would love to receive your wildlife sightings and photos at susan@ncaves.com.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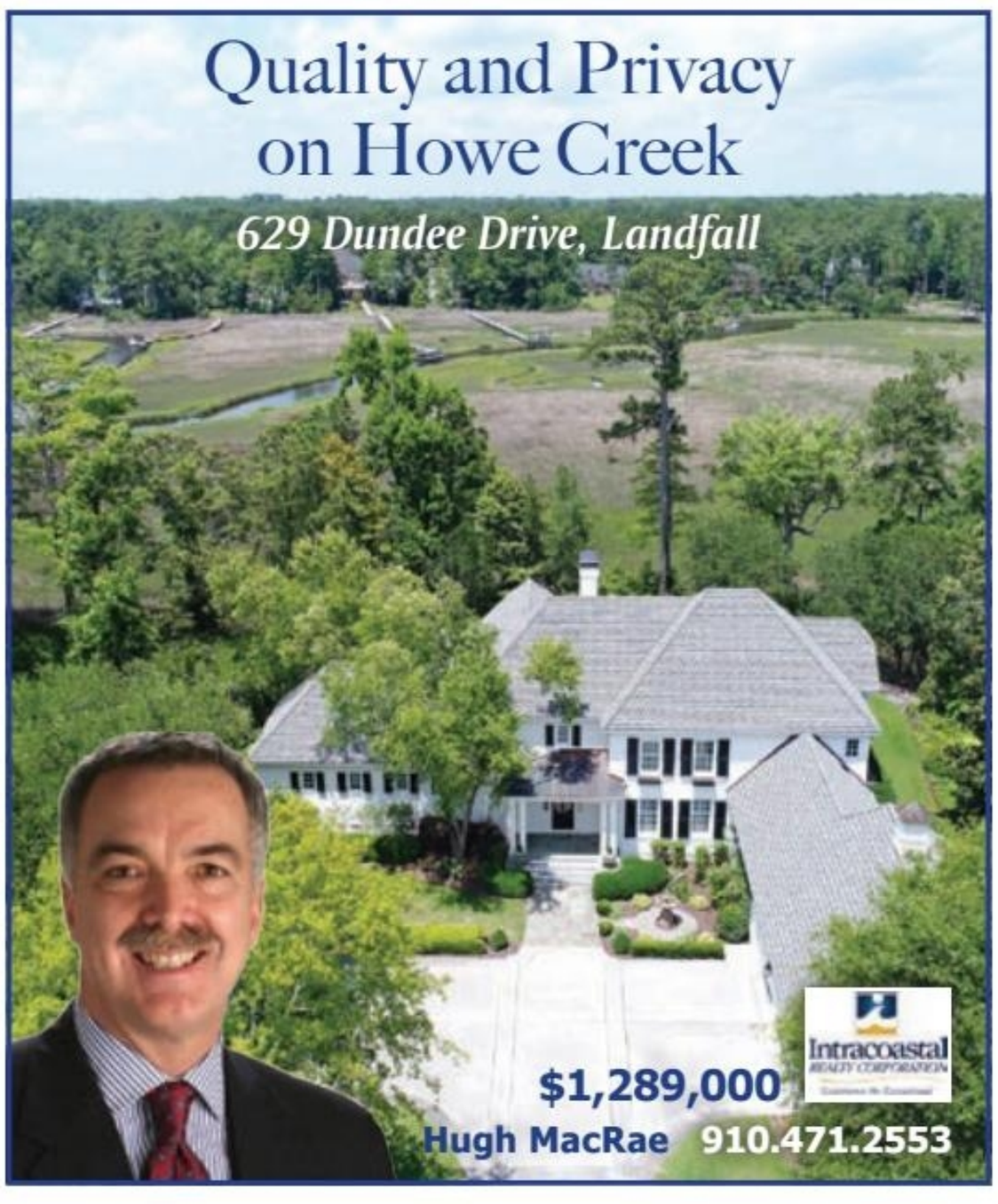
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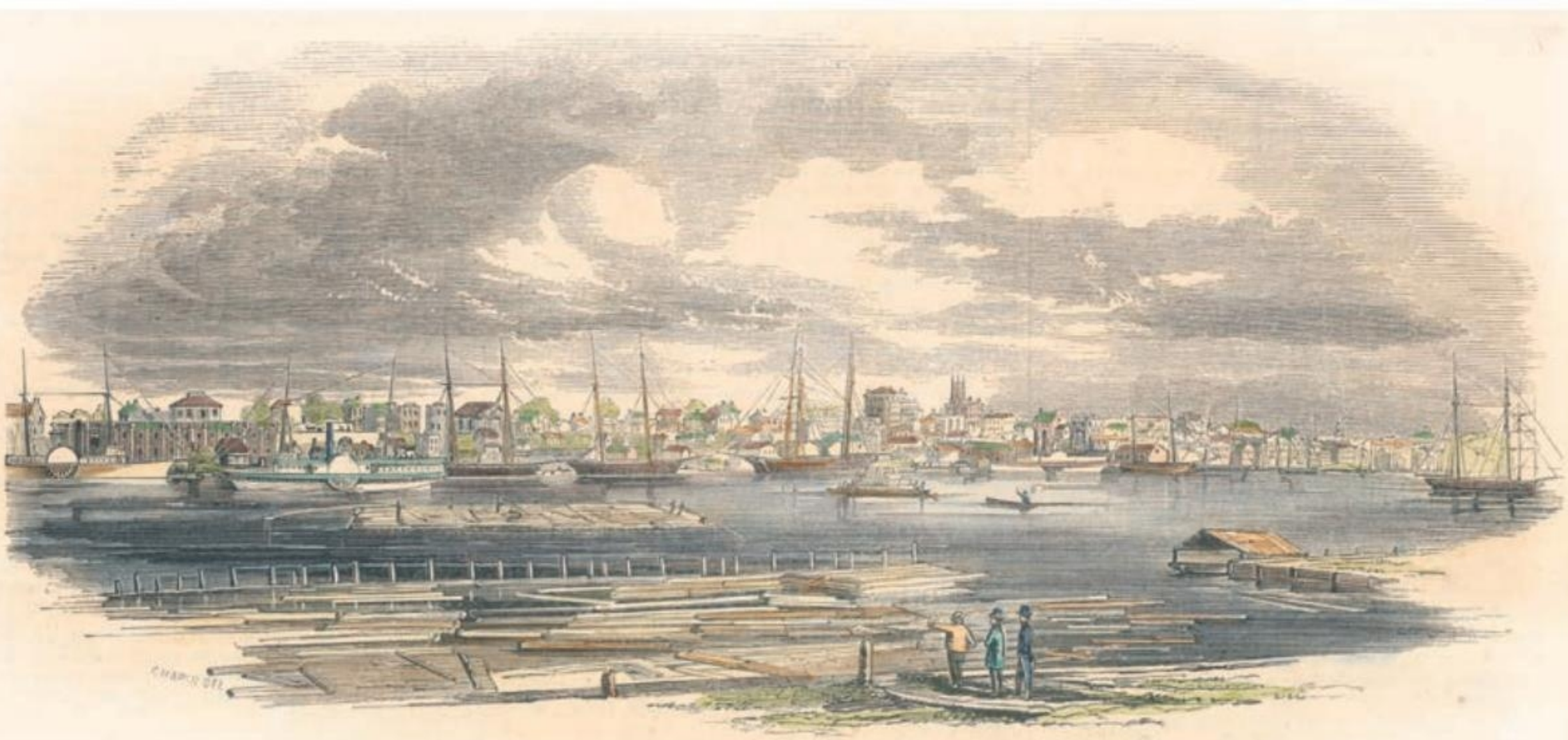
– *Phillis Thompson*



View of Wilmington, North Carolina: Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, *July 16, 1853*

The Search for the Legendary Rock Spring

By Chris E. Fonvielle Jr.

Hope springs eternal! The old adage was on the minds of members of the Public Archaeology Corps when they met with city officials and a representative of a real estate development company at Wilmington's City Hall in the summer of 2017. They hoped to receive permission to search for a famous lost landmark — the Rock Spring — in the vicinity of Chestnut and Water streets in city's historic district. But time was of the essence, as a construction project was slated to soon begin on the site.

In an ambitious public-private venture, the city of Wilmington and a real estate developer planned to build a high-end, mixed-use project called River Place, stretching from Chestnut Street north to Grace Street and eastward from Water Street halfway up the block toward Front Street. But first things first. A massive concrete parking deck, erected in 1968, would have to be demolished, and then holes dug deep below ground for footings to support the complex of buildings, including one imposing 12-story structure.

Underneath the property, however, lay the remains of almost three centuries of Wilmington history — the foundations of old homes and businesses, as well as artifacts. Below the levels of historical material culture dating back to the city's earliest days would be Native American artifacts many hundreds, or even thousands, of years old.

Among the potentially significant archaeological features on the site was the Rock Spring, whose waters, according to local legend, were so pure and sweet that anyone who drank from the spring would be compelled to return to Wilmington, if not make it their home. The Public Archaeology Corps was hopeful of finding the Rock Spring if city officials and the developer agreed to allow a search.

The main mission of the Public Archaeology Corps (PAC) — a Rocky Point, North Carolina–based nonprofit group consisting of archaeologists, historians and volunteers — is to mitigate the loss of archaeological sites on privately owned property as a result of development, in large part by building relationships with owners of land that

By the 1830s, the Rock Spring had become so famous that businessmen advertised their establishments in local newspapers as being located nearby or named them in tribute to it.

ROCK SPRING HOTEL.
MARY S. McCALEB, Proprietress.
OLD STAND.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes this method of returning her sincere thanks to her numerous friends for the liberal patronage her house has received for the past few years, and would respectfully inform the public she is prepared to accommodate Boarders—either Trans or Regular—on the most liberal terms.

Her house being situated on the South side of Ches street, below Front, is in a convenient location to busi

Her table will at all times be found amply provided the best the market affords. Her rooms are kept in the possible manner, rendering every comfort and conveni to her guest in her power.

A continuance of public patronage is respectfully sol ed.

MARY S. McCALE

December 11, 1860.—dtf.

THOMPSONIAN MEDICINES.

THE subscriber has just received from the Medical Factory of Baltimore a full supply of the Thompsonian

Botanic Medicines,

which he warrants genuine. He intends to keep on hand a full supply, and to sell as cheap as any retailer in the southern country. Apply at the subscriber's store, near the Rock Spring.

CHARLES NIXON.

nington, March 8th, 1839. 164 3mo.

The Old Rock Spring
FOREVER!

THE ROCK SPRING RESTAURATEUR is now open for the accommodation of the public, where every *Refreshment* the market affords may be had, at all hours of the day or night. The Bar is supplied with *choice Liquors, Wines and Cigars.*

DAVID THALLY.

Dec 18, 1846 14-y

Furniture Manufactory and Ware-Rooms.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to the citizens of Wilmington, and public generally, that he has employed [redacted] experienced and skillful workmen, for the purpose of making and repairing all articles of **Cabinet Furniture**, and that he has made large additions to his stock of Furniture by recent arrivals from New York and Boston; and in a few days, on the arrival of schooner Jonas Smith and others, from the North, will make a still larger addition, so that his assortment will be very complete.

Furniture will be made to order, or repaired, at short notice and at moderate prices.

J. D. LOVE.

March 8, 1859 26-6t

Goldsb

ICE—ICE—ICE.

THE ROCK SPRING ICE HOUSE on North Water street, a large new brick building near the Depot, is now open and being stocked with a No. 1 article of the best Northern Ice, to be sold in quantities to suit our city customers.

I will give my personal attention to packing and forwarding all orders promptly from the adjoining country.

Ice furnished the sick Poor free of charge, accompanied by their physician's certificate.

April 21

LIVERY STABLES.

THE Subscriber take this method to inform h friends, and the public gen rally, that he has taken tho Stables on the wharf, on the North side of Che nut street, near the Rock-spring. He flatte himself that by strict personal attention to t management of said Stables, he will be patro ised by the public. The Stables are in go order, and ready for the reception of HORSE for any length of time. No pains shall be wa ed on his part to give full satisfaction to all persons who may feel disposed to patronise him.

JAMES PETTEWAY.

Wilmington, Nov. 22, 1839. 201-5t.

MR. G. G. SPEAR

RESPECTFUELY informs his FRIENDS and the Public of Wilmington that he will give a Series of entertainments at the

ROCK SPRING HOTEL,

commencing to-morrow evening,

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 29, 1865,

CONSISTING OF

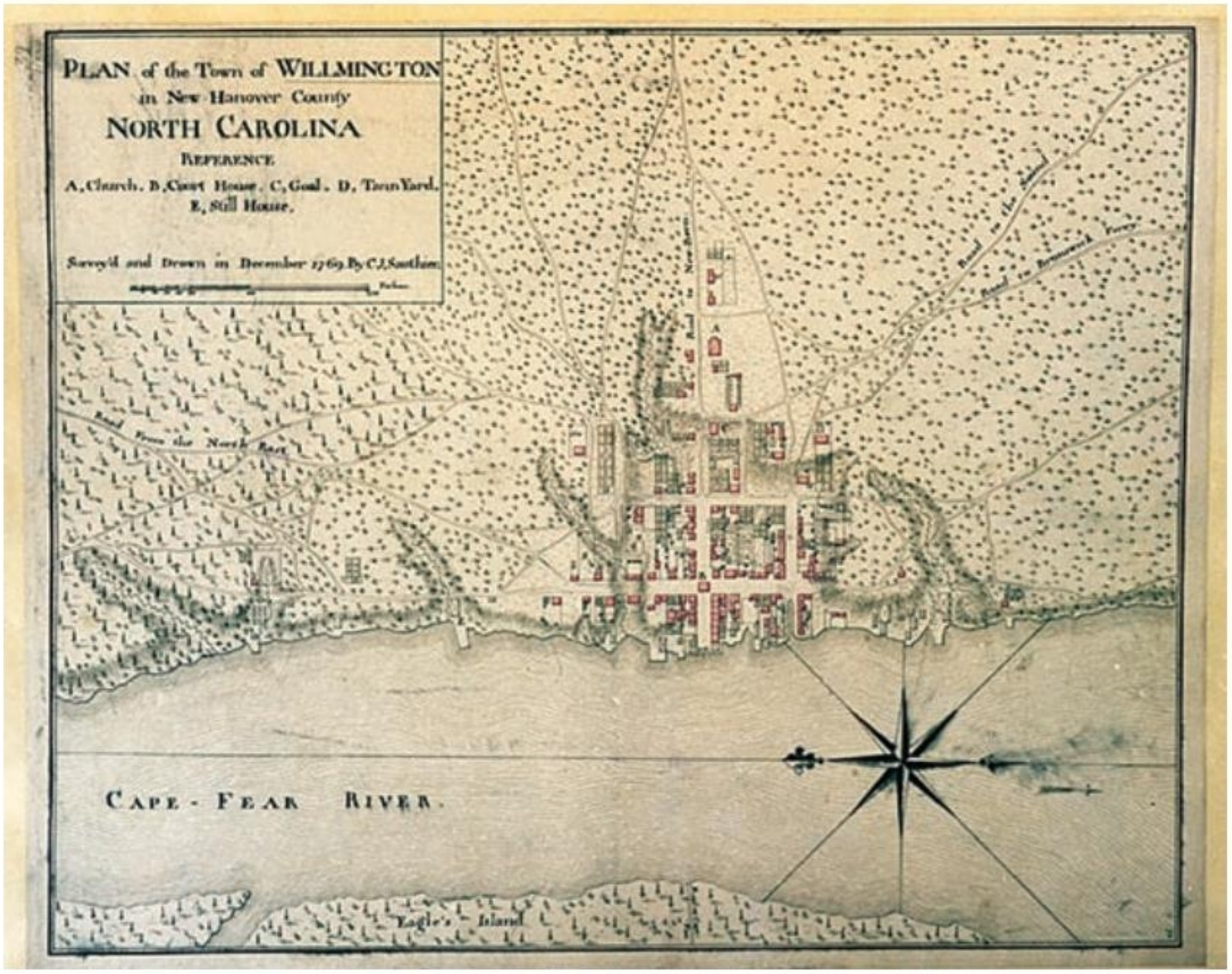
SONGS,
RECITATIONS,
YANKEE STORIES,
IMITATIONS OF CELEBRATED ACTORS, &c.

Mr. SPEAR, in making this appeal to the Public, does it merely to satisfy his FRIENDS that he can give a few brief hours by himself alone.

For particulars, see small bills of the day.

Admission, 25 cents.

Nov. 29. 232


PLAN of the Town of WILLMINGTON
in New Hanover County
NORTH CAROLINA
REFERENCE
A, Church. B, Court House. C, Goal. D, Town Yard.
E, Still House.
Surveyd and Drawn in December 1769 By C.J.Sauthier.
Road from the North East
Road to Brunswick Ferry
CAPE-FEAR RIVER.
Eagle's Island

Plan of the Town of Willmington in New Hanover County, North Carolina *by C. J. Sauthier, 1769.*

contain archaeological sites. Educating the public about local history and archaeology is also a crucial component to the Corps' objective. "We do (archaeology) in such a way that people can come in and see what we're doing, ask questions, see the whole process of archaeology done," explains Jon Schleier, founder and director of the PAC, in a *Wilmington Star News* interview. "We're really trying to bring it home to people, to the average person, that archaeology is very much a thing here in southeastern North Carolina."

After a constructive meeting, city leaders and the developer's agent gave the PAC two days to find and document the Rock Spring. After years of planning, authorities were eager to get construction underway, and that was all the time they could spare. Although the archaeologists would have preferred more time to do their work, 48 hours was better than nothing. The search was on!

Wilmington is a beautiful old city rich in history. It began as a trading center on the east side of the Northeast Cape Fear River near its confluence with the Cape Fear River, and 28 miles from where the waterway empties directly into the Atlantic Ocean. In 1733, a group of developers laid out a town they called New Liverpool, but renamed Newton the following year. Although slow-going at first, Newton's growth flourished when Gabriel Johnston became royal governor in 1734. During his long reign, he used his political powers to transform the town into a place of considerable importance, and actively promoted its settlement and development. In 1739, North Carolina's General Assembly passed an Act of Incorporation for the Town of Wilmington, naming it in honor of Gov. Johnston's patron, Spencer Compton, earl of Wilmington and lord president of His Majesty's Council under King George II.

An official map of Wilmington, produced by royal cartographer C.J. Sauthier in 1769, reveals a relatively small town with houses, stores and a public market and courthouse clustered around Market, Dock, Princess and Second streets. Fewer than 1,000 people lived in Wilmington at the time. The map also depicts eight creeks, seven of which made their way to the Cape Fear River to the west. The names of four of them are known: Jacob's Run, Willow Spring Branch, Tan Yard Branch and Jordan. Jacob's Run emanated at what is today the southwest corner of Fourth and Princess streets, and ran southwesterly to the river at the foot of Dock Street. Tan Yard Branch, named for a leather tanning yard along its banks, and Jordan, "a stream of some two to five feet deep," were located north of town.

Natural springs at the headwaters of the creeks were sources of water for Wilmington's early residents. The streams themselves, however, became impediments to the town's development. Town officials ordered that owners of lots with streams keep them clear to prevent any overflow from heavy rains. They also had Jacob's Run, which ran through the middle of town, covered by a brick structure to enable people to cross it more easily and to build atop. In the process they created a system of tunnels underneath streets, buildings and yards that

subsequently generated legends and stories about smugglers, pirates and fugitive slaves over the years. Eventually all of the remaining creeks in the downtown area were bricked over or filled in.

As for drinking water, the Cape Fear River was dark, muddy and a little salty when the tide flowed upstream. Many residents dug wells and cisterns in their yards and gardens, or filled buckets and casks at springs and ponds around the town. One spring was located at the foot of modern-day Harnett Street. Wilmingtonian Henry Nutt recalled that, between 1815 and 1822, he and a group of friends, known as the Arabs, used to roam, explore and play north of Jordan in a wooded area popularly known as Paradise. A huge outcropping of rock poked toward the Cape Fear River, he remembered, on the west side of which "issued a fountain of the purest water which had formed a kind of basin or spring partially covered by the overhanging, shelving part of the rock."

Yet the spring, generally referred to as Paradise Spring, was situated too far from Wilmington's main residential and commercial district for people to walk out and then lug back heavy, water-laden buckets. In the late 1830s, Paradise was lost to the construction of wharves, a steam mill, turpentine distillery, and the Wilmington and Raleigh Railroad (later renamed the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad). "And such is life" in the name of progress, Henry Nutt lamented.

The most popular spot for drinking water became the Rock Spring on Chestnut Street, just east of the intersection with Water Street. Sometime before 1817, engineers built Water Street to connect the docks, wharves, warehouses, and commission merchant houses that cropped up as Wilmington grew into the state's most populated urban center and busiest seaport.

PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE NEW HANOVER COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

The only known photograph of the brick structure that surrounded the Rock Spring, circa 1913, with the Rock Spring Hotel in the background.

As early as the 1820s, the Rock Spring "was universally used by the inhabitants; in fact, it was *the* spring of the city," wrote "An Old Citizen" to the editor of the *Wilmington Daily Review* in 1879. "Its great flow was not only sufficient to supply all the citizens in its vicinity, but every vessel that came in port supplied their water casks for the outgoing voyage." The earliest extant public record of the Rock Spring comes from the minutes of town aldermen meetings in 1823. On Sept. 3, commissioners instructed James Usher to "remove the naval stores or any other article which he may have lying on Chestnut Street near the Rock Spring, within one week from the date hereof," under penalty of a heavy fine.

By about 1830, the Rock Spring had become so famous that businessmen promoted their establishments as being located nearby and, in some cases, named them in tribute to it. Merchant R.W. Brown advertised barrels of "Rock Spring brand" gin for sale. In 1839, James Petteway established a livery stable on the north side of Chestnut Street "near the Rock Spring." In the autumn of 1846, J.D. Love advertised New York and Boston manufactured furniture and household items imported to Wilmington for sale at his Rock Spring Furniture Warehouse. Four years later he expanded operations by employing "experienced and skillful workmen" to custom- make and repair "all articles of cabinet furniture," renaming his business the Rock Spring Furniture Manufactory and Ware-Rooms.

The week before Christmas of 1846, David Thally opened the Rock Spring Restaurant for the "accommodation of the public," proclaiming "The Old Rock Spring Forever!" in his print advertisements. He offered "Refreshments at all hours of the day and night." In the late 1840s, Alfred Alderman opened the Rock Spring Hotel on the south side of Chestnut Street, halfway up the block between Water and Front streets. In 1858, Mary S. McCaleb had become the "Proprietress" of the Rock Spring Hotel, claiming that "her rooms (were) kept in the best possible manner, rendering every comfort and convenience to her guests in her power." In the spring of 1860, Edward B. Dudley, son and namesake of the former president of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad and governor of North Carolina, opened the Rock Spring Ice House on North Water Street.

But when did the legend about the mystical powers of the Rock Spring's waters begin? An anonymous author, known only as "C," penned an epic poem in March 1850, titled "The Rock Spring Water," for the *Wilmington Chronicle*. "There is a legend that he who drinks of the 'Rock Spring,' must henceforth become a resident of (Wilmington)."

> "Who drinks the Rock Spring wave below
> Can never leave this shore.
> But thou shalt stay and dwell with me
> For now thou cans't not roam."

Writing to the editor of the *Wilmington Sun* in late March 1879, "Phoenix" claimed that, when he was a boy half a century earlier, "the same tradition that attaches to the old Rock Spring, at the foot of Chestnut Street, was as common as it is to-day."

The *Wilmington Star* reported in 1872 that Col. J.R. Purcell had

returned to Wilmington to resume control of a hotel called the Purcell House. "The colonel has evidently partaken of the famed 'Rock Spring water,'" noted the editor, of which it is said that "when a person has once indulged himself or herself with a drink, they can never remain permanently away from Wilmington." The newspaper ran a notice the following year that James McCormick, a "well known merchant tailor, and formerly a citizen of this city, has come to live with us again. He must have drunk 'Rock Spring water' before he departed." Charles I. Kline moved to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1898, but returned home to Wilmington within a matter of months. "Rock Spring water did it!" claimed the *Wilmington Dispatch*. Friends of Mary Hinsdale Slocumb of Fayetteville induced her to "imbibe freely of Rock Spring water when she left the 'City By the Sea' in 1906, knowing that she would be "compelled by its magic charm to return."

By the turn of the 20th century, drinking the waters of the Rock Spring had become a dangerous proposition. Both residential and industrial development in downtown Wilmington had severely contaminated the ground water. In early January 1900, the chamber of commerce publicly displayed quarts of water taken from wells throughout the city, and from the Rock Spring. Every sample contained high amounts of organic matter. Finally, in 1907, Dr. Charles T. Harper, superintendent of health, warned citizens about the Rock Spring's contamination, reporting that "the water is polluted and is not fit for drinking purposes." The spring fell into disuse, and was soon covered by more urban development, most notably a large parking deck built in 1968.

Rediscovering the Rock Spring, if it even still existed, posed quite a challenge to the PAC, especially considering the time constraints it faced. To pinpoint its location, the group relied on several sketch maps drawn by Nicholas Shenck that accompanied his journal of Wilmington in the days before the Civil War; one extant photograph of the Rock Spring, with the Rock Spring Hotel in the background, taken by Andrew Howell probably before 1913; and a physical description of the spring by Henry Bacon McCoy from his 1957 book, *Wilmington: Do You Remember When?*

McCoy described the Rock Spring as being near the foot of Chestnut Street, just off the sidewalk on the north side. A 12-inch brick wall, built before 1870, enclosed the spring on three sides, and a brick arch covered it. The entrance end was open toward the river, and well-worn slate steps led downward approximately eight feet below the level of the street. At the bottom a spring of clear, cool water bubbled up through the sand. The overflow was carried to the river through a terra-cotta pipe. A gourd with a long handle "for ready use" hung on a spike hammered into the brick wall. What McCoy could not answer, nor has anyone, is why it was called the "Rock Spring." Perhaps it had something to do with the large number of ballast stones unloaded from the cargo holds of ships that had docked along Wilmington's wharves in the 1700s and into the 1800s.

Using a heavy piece of construction equipment called a hydraulic excavator and long-handled shovels, PAC volunteers dug for about five hours on Dec. 17, 2017, before they finally hit pay dirt. They found the Rock Spring, or rather the remains of the three brick walls that surrounded it. Over the following two days, diggers excavated to the bottom of the shaft, but found no evidence of the spring itself. They did, however, uncover the top slate step and pieces of others mentioned in

The author (above) helped excavate the remains of the Rock Spring with the Public Archaeology Corps on December 17–18, 2017.

McCoy's account of the Rock Spring, and some artifacts, including a small medicine bottle, ceramic shards, and iron nails that were probably thrown into the spring after it had been abandoned. They also found a sewer pipe, likely laid in the 1930s or 1940s, that cut through the back wall, but most of the structure had survived. Archaeologists made detailed line drawings and took photographs of the key features for posterity, knowing that the spring site would be destroyed with the construction of River Place. Hopefully the developers will incorporate the flagstones into one of their buildings and erect a historical plaque commemorating one Wilmington's most famous landmarks and the legendary story of the magical powers of the Rock Spring's waters.

The author wishes to thank Joe Sheppard in the North Carolina Room at the New Hanover County Public Library, and Daniel Norris of SlapDash Publishing for their assistance with this article.

Chris Fonvielle is a professor emeritus in the Department of History at UNC Wilmington, and a recent recipient of the Order of the Long Leaf Pine for distinguished service to the State of North Carolina. He is also the author of books and articles on the history of Wilmington and the Lower Cape Fear, where he was born and raised.

Portrait of a Fisherman

For veteran Masonboro waterman William Hurst, times have changed. But there are still gifts from the sea

By John Wolfe

High tide in Masonboro Sound. The sky is that cloudless and uniquely Carolinian summertime shade of late afternoon periwinkle, and the sun has set to a squinting, sneaking-under-my-hat-brim height, but has not yet dropped behind the trees on the mainland. A southerly wind blows across the wide water at the mouth of Hewlett's Creek.

An old waterman stands amid ships in his wooden well skiff and looks out across the sound toward Masonboro Island, the northern end of which his family used to own. His name is William Hurst and he is 82 years old, grew up here and has fished here his entire life. He is a short, spry man, with a close-cropped white mustache and bright blue eyes that sparkle with wonder at the world, still, in spite of all the world they have already seen.

I sit in the sternsheets of his boat, beside the engine well, as he picks up the 10-foot paddle he built out of ash (the best wood for that purpose, light and strong). He never leaves his landing without it. When he learned to handle boats there were no outboard engines. You had to know how to maneuver a boat with oars, or a sprit-rigged loose-footed sail, and the 10-foot paddle to pole along the sound's shallow bottom.

"If I've done this once, I've done it a thousand times," he tells me. Raising his paddle like a man with an ax over a stump, he lets it fall with a splash into the clear water on the edge of the marsh. The green tips of the spartina grass peek above the high water, which is almost lavender in the dying light. Again and again he brings the paddle down, motoring along the edge of the marsh, between the marsh and the spot net we have just set. "Here," he says, handing me an old wooden stake he uses to prop up the outboard. "Tap on the bottom of the boat. Not too hard, though — we don't want to tear the bottom out."

The skiff we float in, he built himself. When he was younger he worked in the boatbuilding shop of Capt. Emerson Willard, building New England-style sailing dories. Once they built a two-masted schooner that later crossed the Atlantic. He also helped restore the 40-foot gaff-rigged ketch *Colin Archer*, a sailing lifeboat which now resides in a maritime museum in Oslo, Norway.

I beat a tattoo on the thick cedar keel. The idea is that by making noise, we will frighten the fish out from their hiding places in the grass and into the translucent curtain of his gill net, hanging just off the grass line. A few more splashes and taps, and we are nearly to the head of the net. "That's enough," he says.

We motor back down to the end of the net, marked with a yellow buoy with "W. HURST" carved into it. "Now," he tells me, "you get on that side and bring in the floats, and I'll be on this side and bring in the weight line. If we catch anything, it'll be farther up toward the head of the net." He presses the switch that cuts off the outboard motor; peace returns to the wind-rippled sound. "It's always better to retrieve the net into the wind," he says.

Side by side in the stern of his boat we work, pulling his dripping net back in, hand over hand, foot by foot. He has laid an old sheet over the transom to prevent the net from getting caught on a stray splinter. The saltwater is as warm as a bath. Even though I am 55 years younger than Hurst, I struggle to keep up with his pace. He works quickly, but carefully. He made this net himself, tied every knot and hung every weight, a craft learned at a young age from shrimpers in Morehead City and Southport. Net making isn't a skill that most young people are interested in anymore, he tells me, a hint of sadness evident in his voice. As we pull this net in now, every so often, he pauses to clear away a cluster of oyster shells, or a clump of the green moss, fine as a mermaid's hair, left over from months of cold water in the warmth of late spring.

"As no man is born an artist, so no man is born an angler."
— Izaak Walton

We keep hauling in the net. Nothing yet. The fishing these days, Hurst says, is the worst it has ever been in his entire life. Why? I ask him. I am fishing, myself, after the silver-scaled memories that hang in the net of his long and placed life: He knows how it was before.

After World War II, he explains, people got a taste for shrimp. Prior to that, the thinking was that the shrimp were there to feed the fish, not be eaten themselves. The fishermen then had to try to learn to catch shrimp. They did this with a trawl net, a highly effective tool which kills everything that has the misfortune to swim into it. "To get a pound of good shrimp," he says, "you've killed about five pounds of small fish. You cannot keep killing small fish and wonder why there are no big fish."

There are also more people fishing today than ever before. It used

to be that only coastal people had boats. Then came the automobile, trailers, fiberglass, outboard motors. It became easier to get on the water, to tear around in jet skis and ride wakeboards behind sleek boats blaring loud music. Fish like calm water.

Last week, he tells me, he set out his nets and caught just four small spot. "Doesn't put gas in the boat," he says, shaking his head. He recently renewed his commercial fishing license — a sum of about $400. "I will do good to make that back."

When he was a boy here growing up, fishing and farming were the main types of employment. The area near Whiskey Creek, presently a yacht club and public boat ramp, was entirely a fishing community. Hauls of 50,000 to 100,000 pounds were "nothing unusual," he said. He can remember catching 13,000 pounds of mullet in one haul of the net, of catching flounders on Thanksgiving that were too big to fit in the biggest frying pan his grandmother had, of working a 40-foot shrimp boat named the *Patty Joan* off Carolina Beach.

Through his craft, which is capable of transcending traditional borders that might otherwise separate groups of people by uniting them in common struggle with the natural world, Hurst has fished with many people from different backgrounds, ethnic groups, religious persuasions. He is glad to have had the privilege of knowing and fishing with two African-American brothers, Joe and Charles Franks. Their family had a crab-picking business for many years on the Greenville Sound side of Hewlett's Creek, and after their landing was sold and they were told to take their boat and leave, Hurst let them fish and oyster from his own landing. "They were from the old school," he remembers. Another black man named Joseph Robinson, known colloquially as Little Brother, was Hurst's fishing partner for many years. "God, I loved that man," he told me, his voice rich with memories of shared experiences.

And then there were three silver bullets, frozen in the net — the fish knew they were caught. His rough old hands grabbed them, worked them free. Three fat croakers, the thrumming call from which they take their name sounding out from the bottom of the boat. These fish will come home with me when we make it back to his family's landing. A gift, given in an old white bucket, destined for the grill, these fish will be enjoyed (with a little salt, a little lemon, a little butter, and a cold bottle of beer) in the fellowship of good friends. In doing so, we will only be the latest in a long line of people Hurst has nourished in his Masonboro community through his never-ending work.

Izaak Walton famously said that fishing "can be said to be so like the mathematics, that it can never be fully learnt." But I would submit to Mr. Walton that William Hurst, after a long and rich life on the water, has come very close, indeed.

John Wolfe studied creative nonfiction at UNCW. When he's not in the water, he can be found online at thewriterjohnwolfe.com.

Marie Hemmen checks on today's catch.

Consider the Mosquito

Everything worth knowing about the Cape Fear's peskiest early settler

Story and Photographs by Virginia Holman

There is a saying—its origins are hazy, although it's most commonly attributed to an African proverb and a quote by his holiness the Dalai Lama: "If you think you are too small to make a difference, then you've never been in bed with a mosquito."

A single, invisible mosquito whining next to your ear as you drift off to sleep on a hot summer's night creates a human torment that can accelerate from mere annoyance to Edgar Allan Poe lunatic rage in well under an hour. I recall with great clarity summer nights spent arranging the sheets in a tent in my childhood bed, then turning on a flashlight beneath the covers, hoping I could read through the night sealed in a mosquito-free bubble. If not, I'd often watch with childish satisfaction as a mosquito landed on my arm, pierced my skin with its proboscis, and consumed its blood meal. I'd study its swelling abdomen as it filled and plumped and transformed to a slightly iridescent red jewel; then, with my thumb, I'd crush it to a grisly smear. Yes, I wanted to know my nemesis, but only to a point. Even though I was repulsed by mosquitoes, I was also fascinated. A mosquito, lighter than a flake of ash, was annoyingly difficult to kill before it settled in to feed. Like tiny vampires, mosquitoes seemed stealthiest after sundown.

Little did I know then that the tiny mosquito is much more than an itchy annoyance. It is one of the world's most fearsome monsters. A recent piece by Nicholas Kristof in *The New York Times* estimated the annual worldwide deaths to malaria alone at close to 450,000: "That figure doesn't even include deaths from Dengue fever, yellow fever, Zika, or West Nile viruses."

It's safe to say one of the earliest settlers of the Cape Fear region

was the mosquito. The presence of mosquito swarms was well documented by explorers and Colonists as pervasive annoyance. The association between our region and the mosquito was so close that local advertisements during the Revolutionary and Civil War eras feature bed nettings for a peaceful sleep; early resorts claimed they were located far from the maddening creatures. A clever yet pesky social and political caricaturist of Wilmington's 18th-century political scene adopted as his nom de plume "The Musquetoe," as he was well aware his antics would not gain him any friends.

James Sprunt, in his *Chronicles of the Cape Fear River*, writes of a visitor to the region in 1732 who was taken very ill with "ague and fever, which continued on me for nearly a month." When he recovered, he visited a swampy area near Lake Waccamaw, and crossed it on horseback, "astonished to see the innumerable sight of musquetoes, the largest that I ever saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us through our buckskin gloves, coats, and jackets."

Though mosquitoes swarmed in our region, it wasn't until the early 20th century that a connection was made between what military historian Andrew Bell calls the "sickly season" that arrived with steamy, hot Southern weather and the mosquito. Bell notes that as malaria-like illnesses and yellow fever raced through the region, most notably during the yellow fever epidemic of 1862, the illness was often blamed on poor sanitation and "regional vapors" or "miasmas" from decaying plants and animals.

While working with the Bellamy Mansion museum as part of her graduate studies, local historical researcher and part-time librarian Kristen Nawn researched the yellow fever epidemic. She became so fascinated by the subject that she now often lectures throughout Wilmington about it. Her approach uses personal accounts gathered from newspapers and letters, offering a view of the epidemic as experienced by everyday Wilmingtonians. "As I began to research the epidemic, I realized there was not a lot of cohesive information from that time," she says. "My goal was to explain the epidemic in a first-person narrative the best that I could."

In 1862, no one knew that the cause of the devastating epidemic was mosquitoes — specifically, the female *Aedes aegypti* mosquito. Even so, Nawn points out, people began employing methods that helped reduce the spread of illness, though not for the reasons they thought. "Residents had this idea that burning pine tar would create smoke that would help 'lift the sickness out of the air,'" she says. "It did, in a way, since smoke can repel mosquitoes. Similarly, efforts also began to reduce standing water, which was thought to contribute to the unhealthy vapors." However, since *Aedes aegypti* mosquitoes breed in standing water, these efforts also reduced the spread of the disease.

Nawn also notes that we may never know the true human toll of the 1862 epidemic in Wilmington. The number of deaths was

estimated at 664. But the first yellow fever death wasn't recorded until September, and "the epidemic had been underway for all of August," says Nawn. She also points out that the cemetery superintendent at Oakdale died from yellow fever, thus compromising the count of people who perished. "Wagonloads of corpses" were carted to mass graves — the sad result of a wood shortage and a working population so reduced by disease and evacuation that coffins could not be made quickly enough. In addition, Nawn says, the *Wilmington Journal* indicates that deaths in the black community, mostly slaves, were recorded as broad estimates, those human losses minimized. In addition, people who left Wilmington during the epidemic and died elsewhere are not considered part of the tally. Today, a plain sign on a hill of few headstones in Oakdale Cemetery marks the final resting place of a vibrant community that was decimated by a tiny insect.

Perhaps due to this painful historical memory, we take mosquito control seriously in Wilmington. According to Marie Hemmen, New Hanover County's environmental health supervisor, different mosquitoes spread different types of disease. Yellow fever was spread by the female *Aedes aegypti* mosquito, which was last seen in the Cape Fear region in 1992. But the Cape Fear region is host to 44 different species of mosquitoes, so monitoring which mosquitoes are emerging when and where is an important component of disease vector control. Hemmen and her staff monitor traps throughout New Hanover County, and they count and identify each insect under a microscope — tedious and painstaking work — before uploading it to the federal Mosquito Net program, aimed at tracking mosquito populations for better vector control.

"When we get mosquitoes in the Cape Fear region, we get a LOT of mosquitoes," Hemmen says with a laugh. How many is a lot? "In 2011, we had a trap with 20,000 in one night, right there near the museum at Fort Fisher. Those were mostly salt marsh mosquitoes." Unlike Asian tiger mosquitoes, which only travel a few thousand feet, the salt marsh mosquito can migrate 20 to 40 miles, so populations are harder to control. Monitoring mosquito populations helps the county know when and where to educate people about mosquitoes and how to reduce populations. Steps as simple as making sure small amounts of standing water aren't collecting in boats, flowerpots and other containers, using anti-larval mosquito dunks for birdbaths and garden water features, as well as scheduling pesticide spraying when populations warrant it are the most common methods of control.

When the Zika outbreak peaked several years ago, Hemmen and her staff investigated six cases in New Hanover County. Those with the illness had contracted it elsewhere, but in order to contain the spread, the staff went out to evaluate areas around their homes to make sure that Asian tiger mosquitoes weren't present, and they did door-to-door education informing people how to help reduce mosquito populations and prevent the spread of disease.

Hemmen says that anyone experiencing a mosquito problem in the county can call, and she and her staff will investigate the cause and advise and assist with population control. Sometimes after massive rain events, high mosquito areas will be sprayed with pesticide. I admit it; I always cringe a bit when I hear the mosquito spray truck coming. Then I think of those who perished in Wilmington during the yellow fever epidemic of 1862, and all the people who still suffer and perish from Zika, West Nile and malaria around the world, and realize how lucky we are to have the expertise of Hemmen and conscientious staff monitoring our region, so we never have another mosquito-related epidemic again.

Author Virginia Holman lives and writes in Carolina Beach.

Yellow fever expert Kristen Nawn in Oakdale Cemetery.

Good Neighbors

Architect Michael Ross Kersting creates a stunning modern house on Pages Creek that blends seamlessly with its natural surroundings

By William Irvine · Photographs by Rick Ricozzi

To borrow an old real estate aphorism, there are three things that matter about property: location, location, and location. In the case of Josh and Jen Mihaly, it was a spectacular marshland lot with panoramic views of Pages Creek that demanded their attention. "My son actually found the lot listed on Craigslist. We were living on the other side of Middle Sound Loop Road and I was looking to build," says Josh, a landscape architect with a successful practice in Wilmington. Although his wife, Jen, was perfectly happy at their old place, when she learned more about the land she was ready to move: "When I heard that we were on a dead end, on the sound, no HOA, still Middle Sound Loop Road, how could I possible say no?" But the lot had lingered on the market. "People wondered how they could build on what appeared to be the edge of a marsh overlooking Pages Creek," says Josh. But being a landscape architect, he could envision the challenge. Sold.

Soon after making the purchase, Josh called his old friend and neighbor, the architect Michael Ross Kersting, who remembers the moment distinctly. "My wife had looked at that lot too, but was worried it was too low," Kersting says with a laugh. "Then Josh called me and told me he had bought it! I knew we could have a great collaboration."

Josh took Michael over to look at the newly purchased lot one night. Says Josh: "I knew Michael would do something unique — modern but understated and respectful of nature and our lifestyle. I wanted him to take his time and see what he came up with. "

The Mihalys soon met with Kersting at his office and brought pictures of the kind of houses and looks that they liked. Josh was very particular about the details. They wanted something contemporary, but not cold, remote modernism — something that felt warm. "I tried to create a

"I tried to create a house for them that's a celebration of the landscape and exploits the views . . ."

house for them that's a celebration of the landscape and exploits the views," says Kersting. The resulting house, which Kersting created with design assistance from former associate architect Jaime Smith, was lovingly christened Mud Hinge, a name that makes complete sense if you are paying a visit at low tide, when about a foot of marsh grass and the river bottom are in view.

Building on such a site is not without its challenges. One of the first things Josh did was shore things up (no pun intended) —he installed a bulkhead at the edge of the marsh and planted a green lawn with an elegant lap pool behind it. And some elevation needed to occur. "We had to get out of the flood plain — the house is in a FEMA flood zone — but I certainly wanted to avoid those houses that looked like elephants on stilts," says Kersting. "And we wanted to keep to a strict budget, so we wanted a lot a bang for the buck." Josh himself put a lot of sweat-equity in the house with the help of his old friend Parker Dudley, a local builder who helped him source materials and served as a stealth general contractor.

The resulting design is a simple hinged form with a shed roof that is raised just enough to take advantage of the panoramic views. "It's actually a split-level, perfect in the context of the surrounding neighborhood," Kersting continues. "It's a coastal ranch house in a lot of ways, starting with the midcentury retro vibe of the roofline." The coastal vernacular extends to the cedar shingles on the outside of the house and the nautical use of steel cording as deck railing.

One enters the house mid-hinge in the entry hall, a short few steps above the street level. (You can also feel a noticeable change of angle as you ascend the stairs.) This acts as a divide between the bedroom wing to the right and a large combined living and dining room to the left.

Upon entering the living/dining space, the first thing you notice — aside from the breathtaking views of Pages Creek, a view all the way to the horizon — is a light, laid-back quality that the room possesses, due to the abundance of windows and textures. "We se-

"It's a coastal ranch house in a lot of ways, starting with the midcentury retro vibe of the roofline."

lected materials that would make it inexpensive and interesting," says Kersting. "Most of the windows were salvaged by Josh from a house on Bald Head Island whose owners were replacing theirs, which we retrofitted into the house. In fact, more than 80 percent of the windows here are from Bald Head, so that saved us a lot of money."

Despite the large scale of the room — and a sloped ceiling that ranges from 9 to 12 feet high — natural details add warmth. Burnished old chestnut beams salvaged from Josh's uncle's 19th-century barn in western Pennsylvania line one wall. "My son and I drove up and got it and drove it back down here. It's a beautiful old wood," says Josh.

The fireplace is made of hot-rolled steel, softened by the application of a blackened stain, which gives it a warm patina with glimmers of the underlayer. (Jen and Josh stained it themselves.) There are also handsome natural-edge wooden counters, which also came from Craigslist. "The wood is old pecan," says Josh. "It came from an old house downtown, probably pretty old, too."

The centerpiece of the galley-style kitchen is a massive 14-foot island, which despite its size doesn't seem too grand. "It's scaled to the size of the room, so you don't really notice how big it is," says Jen. Off the kitchen is a cozy combined office/pantry with a great sylvan view. Kersting added a large outdoor porch off the dining area with unparalleled vistas of the marsh. "I designed it so it can be screened

in someday, but so far there has been no interest in doing that," he says. (A steady coastal breeze keeps the bugs at bay.)

The bedroom wing has a sensible parting of ways between the master suite (east-facing) and kids' rooms (west-facing), each accessible by short staircases. The children's wing has a public area with a sofa, and above, a loft for hanging out, particularly popular with visiting nieces and nephews. The space below hides mechanical equipment. "We opened up the space by not extending it to the ceiling, so light comes through. It creates a light and airy space," says Kersting.

But a tour of Mud Hinge would not be complete without a visit to what is known as the Sworkroom — a combined surfboard storage (13 boards and counting) and woodworking space. Josh has surfed for more than 30 years, since he was a young man in Delaware, and his two sons are following that tradition. They have gone on family surfing adventures in Central America and the Caribbean. Complete with a white canvas-covered sofa, it is a great hangout zone; thanks to a sliding garage door with glass panels that opens to the pool area, it also serves as a cabana for the swimming pool people.

Mud Hinge is a house that celebrates the outdoors, and you can tell that living here must feel like being on vacation all the time. The owners do not disagree.

"I am so pleased to have created a house that totally fits their lifestyle," says Kersting. "I knew from the start what this house was going to be about: being a witness to nature."

William Irvine is the senior editor of Salt.

ALMANAC

July

By Ash Alder

Trumpet creeper is blooming.

In the kitchen, tea is steeping on the stovetop — sugar bowl on the table — and Papa's shucking sweet corn on the front porch.

July is sensuous, flavorful, dreamy.

Dahlias and daisies. Fried squash blossoms. Beach trips and sunburns and roadside stands.

Pull over.

Load up on pickled okra. Homemade salsas and jams. Baskets of plump, juicy peaches.

"July makes me think of dolphin-diving into the soul-quenching ocean," says a friend and self-proclaimed "Magical Nomad" who has created a life of RV adventures with her husband and their long-haired Jack. "Hiking in damp forests, finding secret waterfalls for skinny-dipping . . ."

And watermelon.

"Something about eating watermelon in the summer reminds me we can really be carefree . . . like children."

Play.

Pick blueberries.

Make ice cream.

Visit the old tire swing.

And as the bullfrog moans into the balmy night, dance with the fireflies.

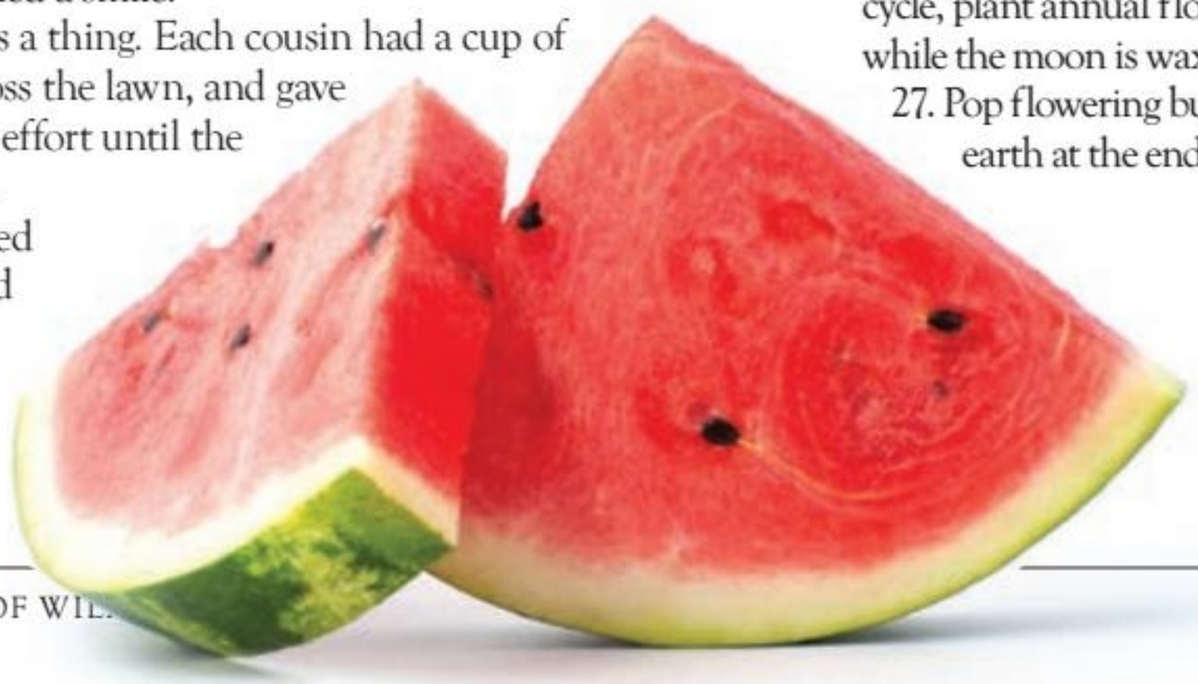
Taste of Summer

How exciting it was to see that first-ever watermelon carried inside like a newborn, thick green skin cut open to reveal juicy bright pink fruit. Was it Fourth of July? My first piece was sliced like pie. And who told me a watermelon would grow inside my belly if I swallowed a seed? Grandma? I think I cried. The rind on my plate resembled a smile.

Seed-spitting was a thing. Each cousin had a cup of them, lined up across the lawn, and gave the sport their best effort until the sparklers came out.

Tomorrow: cubed watermelon, served cool, midday.

Yes, this is what they eat in heaven.



"It is the chief of this world's luxuries, king by the grace of God over all the fruits of the earth. When one has tasted it, he knows what the angels eat. It was not a Southern watermelon that Eve took; we know it because she repented." – Mark Twain from *Puddinhead Wilson*

Get You a Ripe One

Cucumber salad, pickled melon, cantaloupe gazpacho — all well and good. But no July picnic is complete without home-grown you-know-whats.

Guy Clark surely knew.

He knew what to pair them with, too.

Eat 'em with eggs, eat 'em with gravy
Eat 'em with beans, pinto or navy
Put 'em on the side, put 'em in the middle
Put a homegrown tomato on a hotcake griddle . . .

Big and Better Boys. Brandywines. German Johnsons. Early Girls.

All well and good.

And they taste even better than their names.

Don't get me started on Cherokee Purples unless you're going to slice one up.

In the Garden

Not too late to plant squash, corn or snap beans, plus heat-loving herbs like basil, thyme and sage. If you're gardening by the lunar cycle, plant annual flowers and aboveground crops July 13–26, while the moon is waxing. The Full Buck Moon falls on Friday, July 27. Pop flowering bulbs such as gladiolus and butterfly lily into the earth at the end of the month.

Along the river's summer walk,
The withered tufts of asters nod;
And trembles on its arid stalk
the hoar plum of the golden-rod.
– John Greenleaf Whittier

Arts Calendar

Wilmington Sharks Baseball

7/1-2

Airlie Summer Concert: Wilmington Big Band

7/6

Casino Night Fundraiser

7/7

7/1 Stars and Stripes Concert

7:30 p.m. The North Carolina Symphony presents their annual concert commemorating Independence Day with a collection of patriotic music. Admission: $20–45. Wilson Center, 703 N. Third St. Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7999 or ncsymphony.org.

7/1 & 2 Wilmington Sharks Baseball

6:05 p.m. (Sunday); 7:05 p.m. (Monday). Our own Wilmington Sharks face off against their Coastal Plain League rivals, Morehead City and Fayetteville, for a weekend of baseball. Admission: $7–11. Kids under 4 years of age are admitted free. Buck Hardee Field, 2149 Carolina Beach Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-5621 or wilmingtonsharks.com

7/1-31 The Lost Colony

7:45 p.m. (Monday - Saturday). Head to the Outer Banks for a renowned outdoor performance of *The Lost Colony*, a scripted theatrical re-creation of the lost colony of Roanoke's mysterious tale, produced by the Roanoke Island Historical Association. See website for ticket pricing and discount information. Waterside Theatre, 1409 National Park Drive, Manteo. Info: (252) 473-6000 or thelostcolony.org.

7/2-4 North Carolina 4th of July Festival

Southport is hosting the annual 4th of July festival, featuring various patriotic ceremonies, a commemoration of our veterans, arts and crafts, food and drink vendors, fireworks, live entertainment, and more! Admission: Free. See website for a full schedule of events. Downtown Southport, Nash and Howe Streets, Southport. Info: (910) 457-5578 or nc-4thofjuly.com.

7/3 Music and Fireworks by the Sea

6:30 p.m. The Carolina Beach Boardwalk hosts its annual 4th of July celebration featuring live music by the L Shape Lot and an after-sunset fireworks show over the ocean. Admission: Free. Carolina Beach Boardwalk, Cape Fear Boulevard, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-8434 or pleasureislandnc.org.

7/4 The Battle for Independence Run

7:30 a.m. Show off your running skills and patriotism in a celebratory 5K and 1-mile race at the Pointe at Barclay with awards for kids, military, and first responders. Proceeds benefit Step Up for Soldiers. Admission: $20–30. The Pointe at Barclay, Barclay Point Boulevard, Wilmington. Info: riley.austin96@yahoo.com or its-go-time.com/battle-for-independence.

7/4 Caine Mutiny Court-Martial and Fireworks

7 p.m. Thalian Association Community Theatre presents a special performance of *Caine Mutiny Court-Martial* aboard the *USS North Carolina* battleship. The show is followed by the City of Wilmington's annual fireworks show. Admission: $25–50. Battleship North Carolina, 1 Battleship Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1788 or battleshipnc.com.

7/6 Airlie Summer Concert: Wilmington Big Band

6 p.m. The Airlie Gardens Summer Concert

TriSpan 5K or 10K Run or Walk

7/14

Sunset Paddle Series

7/25

Old Crow Medicine Show Concert

7/28

Series continues with a live performance by the Wilmington Big Band under the historic Airlie oak. Bring your blanket or lawn chair and join the fun with this timeless summer tradition. Admission: $2–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or airliegardens.org.

7/7 Casino Night Fundraiser

6 p.m. – 11 p.m. Get your poker faces ready. This year's ECEF benefit is a casino-themed evening featuring games, food, drinks, music, and more. Proceeds benefit esophageal cancer research. Admission: $75–125. UNCW Burney Center, 601 South College Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 200-7327.

7/7 & 8 Ocean City Jazz Festival

5 p.m. Now in its ninth year, the Ocean City Jazz Festival is a pillar of the Historic Ocean City Community at North Topsail Beach. This year's lineup is nothing short of spectacular, featuring Kia Walker, Julian Vaughn, and more. Pavilion Tent at Historic Ocean City Community, 2649 Island Drive, North Topsail Beach. Info: (910) 459-9263 or oceancityjazzfest.com.

7/12-29 Lumina Festival of the Arts

See website for full schedule of events. UNCW and Opera Wilmington present the Lumina Festival of the Arts, a celebration of the arts in the coastal South. The annual festival boasts an impressive program of artists and performers and will take place throughout the month of July. For single tickets and passes, please visit the website. Various venues in Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-3500 or uncw.edu/arts/lumina.

7/12-29 Twelfth Night

Channel your inner Shakespearean self and attend a showing of Alchemical Theatre Co.'s production of William Shakespeare's legendary play *Twelfth Night*. See website for showing times. Admission: $24-48. SRO Theatre, 615 Hamilton Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 962-4045 or alchemicaltheatreco.org.

7/13 Downtown Sundown Concert

6:30 p.m. The 13th annual concert series returns to downtown Wilmington's Riverfront Park with a live performance by Departure, a Journey tribute band. The concert also includes beer, wine, and food, which are all available for purchase. Admission: Free. Riverfront Park, Water Street at Princess Street, Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-7349 or wilmingtondowntown.com.

7/13-15 East Coast "Got-Em-On" King Mackerel Tournament

Grab your favorite fishing rod because the annual East Coast Got 'Em On King Mackerel Classic is back. Catch the fun by joining this year's tournament. See website for a full schedule of events. Registration information available online. Carolina Beach Municipal Docks, Canal Drive, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 470-1374 or gotemonliveclassic.com.

7/14 TriSpan 5K or 10K Run or Walk

7 p.m. Time to get your blood pumping! The route begins at the Cape Fear Community College parking deck on Nutt Street and me-

BRING IT DOWNTOWN

CALENDAR

anders through downtown. The 10K crosses Memorial Bridge, as well as two others, and finishes on Water Street. Admission: $35–45. Cape Fear Community College, 411 N. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 362-7000.

7/20 Airlie Summer Concert: L Shape Lot

6 p.m. The Airlie Gardens Summer Concert Series continues with a live performance by the local band L Shape Lot, under the historic Airlie oak. Bring your blanket or lawn chair and join the fun with this timeless summer tradition. Admission: $2–9. Airlie Gardens, 300 Airlie Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-7700 or airliegardens.org.

7/20 & 21 Live Music on the Patio

5 p.m. – 8 p.m. (Friday); 12 p.m. – 4 p.m. (Saturday). Enjoy the scenery of our beautiful downtown Riverwalk and the newly renovated Hotel Ballast while listening to live music by David Dixon (Friday) and Eric Metts (Saturday). Food and drink are available by purchase from Board & Barrel restaurant. Admission: Free. Hotel Ballast, 301 N. Water St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 763-5900 or boardbarrelwilmington.com/musicandevents.

7/21 Cemetery Flashlight Tour

8 p.m. – 10 p.m. Led by local historians Dr. Chris Fonvielle and Robin Triplett and Oakdale Superintendent Eric Kozen, this nighttime tour will examine the history of North Carolina's oldest rural cemetery and

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its role in the Civil War. Bring your own flashlight. Admission: $15. Oakdale Cemetery, 520 N. 15th St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 762-5682 or oakdalecemetery.org.

7/21 Food Truck Roundup

3 p.m. – 8 p.m. The food truck roundup at Poplar Grove Plantation features a dozen yummy food trucks, live entertainment, bouncy houses for the kids, and more. A donation to the Poplar Grove Equine Rescue is appreciated. Admission: Free. Poplar Grove Plantation, 10200 US Highway 17 N., Wilmington. Info: (910) 686-9518 or poplargrove.org.

7/25 Sunset Paddle Series

6 p.m. Grab your paddleboard (or rent one) and head down to Blockade Runner Beach Resort for a family-friendly paddleboard session to watch the sunset. All ages and experience levels welcome; experienced instructors available for lessons. Admission: Free. Blockade Runner Beach Resort Dock, 275 Waynick Blvd., Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-2251 or blockade-runner.com

7/28 Make Trouble Ensemble

5:30 p.m. In partnership with Alchemical Theatre Co., UNCW Department of Theatre, and UNC Office of the Arts, Make Trouble, a summer actor training and repertory company, is returning to Wilmington, NC with its full program with ensemble performances of Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* and *Romeo and Juliet*. Admission: Free. UNCW Amphitheater, 601 S. College Road, Wilmington. Info: maketrouble.org.

7/28 Old Crow Medicine Show Concert

8 p.m. "Headin' down south to the Land of the Pines...," specifically to the Port City. Pier 33 Entertainment presents Old Crow Medicine Show at Port City Marina. Rain or shine event. Admission: $40–45. Port City Marina, 10 Harnett St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-6151 or pier33entertainment.com.

7/30 Wilmington Sharks Baseball

7:05 p.m. The Wilmington Sharks are back, and this time, they're pitted against Holly Springs in a Coastal Plain League rivalry game. Admission: $7–11. Kids under 4 years of age get in free. Buck Hardee Field at Legion Sports Complex, 2149 Carolina Beach Road, Wilmington. Info: (910) 343-5621 or wilmingtonsharks.com.

WEEKLY HAPPENINGS

Monday

Wrightsville Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside beach market offering a variety of fresh, locally grown produce, baked goods, plants and unique arts and crafts. Seawater Lane, Wrightsville Beach. Info: (910) 256-7925 or www.townofwrightsvillebeach.com.

Tuesday

Wine Tasting

6 p.m. – 8 p.m. Free wine tasting hosted by a wine professional plus small plate specials all night. Admission: Free. The Fortunate Glass, 29 S. Front St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 399-4292 or www.fotunateglass.com.

Cape Fear Blues Jam

8 p.m. A night of live music performed by the area's best Blues musicians. Bring your instrument and join in the fun. Admission: Free. The Rusty Nail, 1310 S. Fifth Avenue, Wilmington. Info: (910) 251-1888 or www.capefearblues.org.

Wednesday

Free Wine Tasting at Sweet n Savory Cafe

5 p.m. – 8 p.m. Sample delicious wines for free. Pair them with a meal, dessert, or appetizer and learn more about the wines of the world. Live music starts at 7. Admission: Free. Sweet n Savory Cafe, 1611 Pavilion Place, Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-0115 or www.swetnsavorycafe.com.

Weekly Exhibition Tours

1:30 p.m. – 2:00 p.m. A weekly tour of the iconic Cameron Arts Museum, featuring presentations about the various exhibits and the selection and installation process. Cameron Arts Museum, 3201 S. 17th St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronarts-museum.org.

Ogden Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Local farmers, producers and artisans sell fresh fruits, veggies, plants, eggs, cheese, meat, honey, baked goods, wine, bath products and more. Ogden Park, 615 Ogden

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Park Drive, Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmingtonandbeaches.com/events-calendar/ogden-farmers-market.

Poplar Grove Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Open-air market held on the front lawn of historic Poplar Grove Plantation offering fresh produce, plants, herbs, baked goods and handmade artisan crafts. Poplar Grove Plantation, 10200 US Highway 17 N., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.poplargrove.org/farmers-market.

Thursday

Wrightsville Beach Brewery Farmers Market

2 p.m. – 6 p.m. Come support local farmers and artisans every Thursday afternoon in the beer garden at the Wrightsville Beach Brewery. Shop for eggs, veggies, meat, honey, and handmade crafts while enjoying one of the Brewery's tasty beers. Stay for live music afterwards. Admission: Free. Wrightsville Beach Brewery, 6201 Oleander Dr., Wilmington. Info: (910) 256-4938 or www.wbbeer.com.

Yoga at the CAM

12–1 p.m. Join in a soothing retreat sure to charge you up while you relax in a beautiful, comfortable setting. Sessions are ongoing and are open to both beginners and experienced participants. Admission: $5–8. Cameron Art Museum, 3201 S. 17th St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 395-5999 or www.cameronartmuseum.org.

Friday & Saturday

Cape Fear Museum Little Explorers

10 a.m. Meet your friends in Museum Park for fun, hands-on activities! Enjoy interactive circle time, conduct exciting experiments, and play games related to a weekly theme. Perfect for children ages 3 to 6 and their adult helpers. Admission: Free. Cape Fear Museum, 814 Market St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 798-4370 or www.capefearmuseum.com.

Blackwater Adventure Tours

Join in an educational guided boat tour from downtown Wilmington to River Bluffs, exploring the mysterious beauty of the Northeast Cape Fear River. See website for schedule. River Bluffs, 1100 Chair Road, Castle Hayne. Info: (910) 623-5015 or www.riverbluffsliving.com.

Saturday

Carolina Beach Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Outdoor "island-style" market featuring live music and local growers, producers and artisans selling fresh local produce, wines meats, baked goods, herbal products and handmade crafts. Carolina Beach Lake Park, Highway 421 & Atlanta Avenue, Carolina Beach. Info: (910) 458-2977 or www.carolinabeachfarmersmarket.com.

Wilmington Farmers Market at Tidal Creek

8 a.m. to 1 p.m. Weekly gathering of vetted vendors with fresh produce straight from the farm. Sign up for the weekly newsletter for advanced news of the coming weekend's harvest. 5329 Oleander Drive, Wilmington. For info: thewilmingtonfarmersmarket.com.

Riverfront Farmers Market

8 a.m. – 1 p.m. Curbside market featuring local farmers, producers, artisans, crafters and live music along the banks of the Cape Fear River. Riverfront Park, N. Water St., Wilmington. Info: (910) 538-6223 or www.wilmington-downtown.com/events/farmers-market.

Taste of Downtown Wilmington

2:15 p.m., 2:45 p.m., & 3:15 p.m. A weekly gourmet food tour by Taste Carolina, featuring some of downtown Wilmington's best restaurants. Each time slot showcases different food. See website for details. Admission: $55–75. Riverwalk at Market Street, Wilmington. Info: (919) 237-2254 or www.tastecarolina.net/wilmington/.

To add a calendar event, please contact calendar@saltmagazinenc.com. Events must be submitted by the first of the month, one month prior to the event.

Port City People

Southern Smoke BBQ Cocktail Party

Hosted by the Wilmington
Wine & Food Festival

Friday, May 8, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Kimberley Colquitt, Danielle Ducsay

Kaitlyn & Tyler Anderson

Jeff & Martha Bridgers

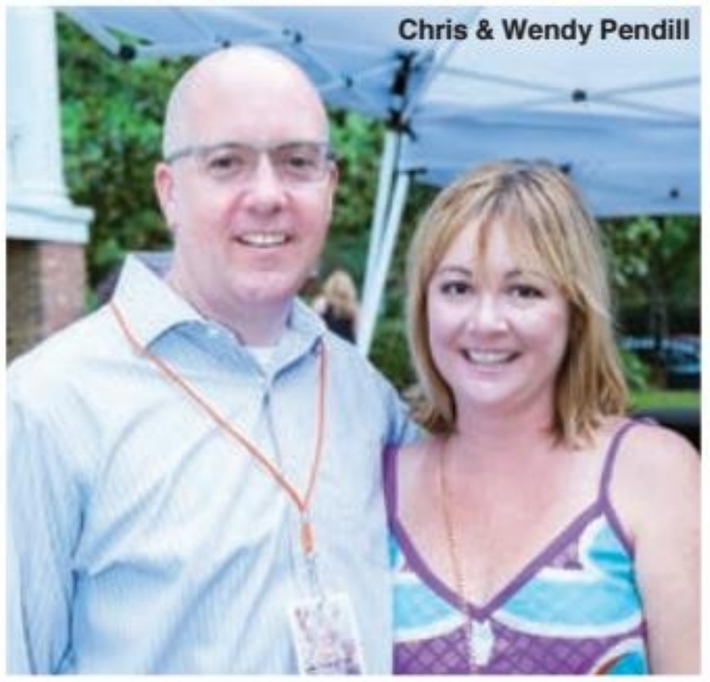
Nina Hayhurst-Chacon, Chrissey & Rick Bonney, Heather Smith

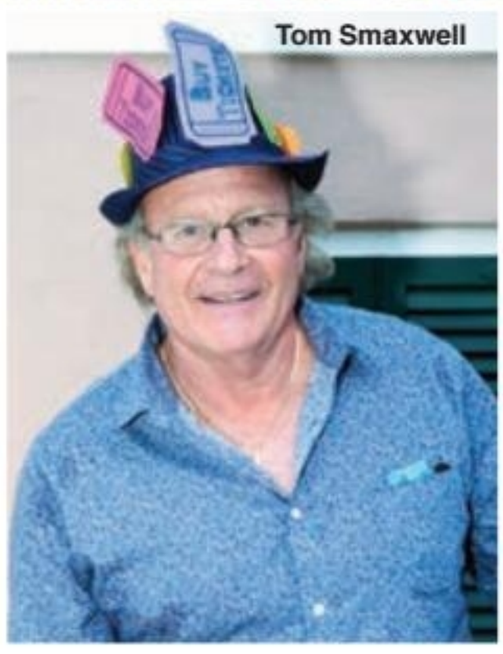
Skylar & Silvia Burrows

Amy Maxwell, Jonathan Murphy-Tripoli

Joe & Pamela Firetti, Greg & Danielle Bullock

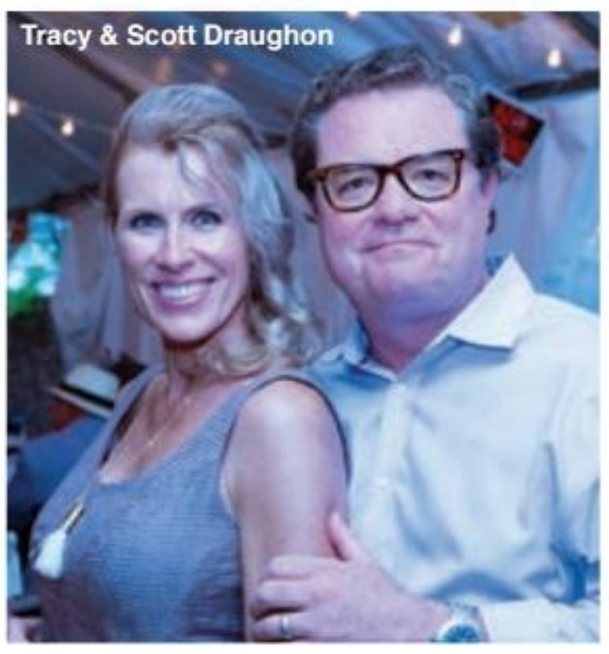
Tommy & Taylor Gartz


Chris & Wendy Pendill


Tom Smaxwell

Jennifer & TJ Mueller

Kelsie Shaw, Michael Vahue


Tracy & Scott Draughon

Port City People

15th Annual JDRF Hope Gala

Honoring Dr. Kamran and
Mrs. Goudarzi & Family

Saturday, May 19, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Becca & Ryan Darrow

Lee & Melinda Crouch, Liz & Robbie Carroll

Matt Duff, Tala Goudarzi

Amanda & Vance Danielson

Scott Sullivan, Hayden Kirby, Kate Groat

Meghan Cowan, Lori & Tom Eggleston,
Angus McDonald, Carly Fink, Amber Russell

Connie Hill, Jon Evans, Darlene Robinson

Mitch & Brooks Lamm,
Wortley & Graham Whitehead

Karson Reed, Petra & Drew Sheaffer

Helen Brombaugh, Cyndi McNeil, Pamela Weiser

Sarah & Davis Brannan

Kevin Pfirman, Patricia Desarrio

Earl Oxendine, Vanessa Cain

Port City People

The 5th Annual Raider Ball

Hosted by Raising Raiders at
the Battleship North Carolina

Saturday, May 26, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Roy & Briana Archer, Sophie Exinia, Dottie & John Leasiolagi

Tyler & Justine Greenleaf

Erika & Austin Keeler

Tim & Isabelle Maier

Teresa Tefft, Lacy Lemke

Tyler Shaw, Amanda Tappen, Kathryn Tappen, Pat McGuire

Alex & Brittney Willbank, Kathy & Joe Mills

Logan & Jessica Canaan

Tyler & Katrina Wojtasinski

Kierstin Lothe, Hajefe Egypt, Brandon & Jessica Leonard

Hannah & Eric Walker, Josh & Brianna Vanderpool

Carlos & Angie Fleming

Port City People

8th Annual WARM Raise the Roof Gala & Auction

"Havana Nights"

Friday, June 1, 2018

Photographs by Bill Ritenour

Neal Turner, Megan & Gerald Wait

Laure Arnett, Christine Farrell, Paige Inman, Donna Bateman, LeeAnne Quattrucci, Candy Peterson

John Crudup, Menaca Naydar

Jason & Carly Forman

Shameena Broach, Renee Burbank, Polly Martin, Emma Gidley

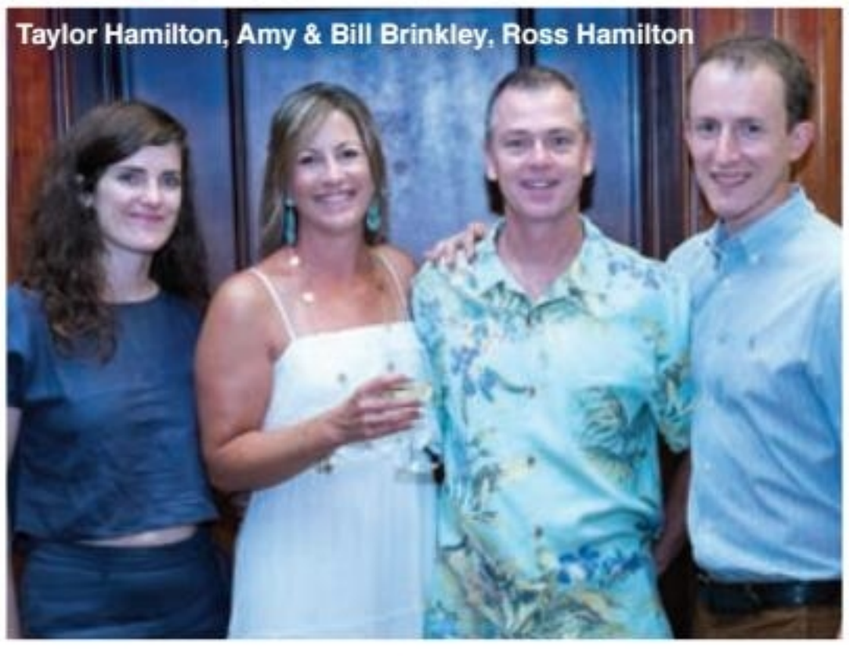
JC Lyle, Alexandra Lysik

Patty & Nick Parker

Sonya & Alan Perry, Chad & Laura Clark

Justin & Jessie Jeffries

Bill & Nancy Pitt


Taylor Hamilton, Amy & Bill Brinkley, Ross Hamilton

Michele Gowdy, Linda Brueckner

Heavens Above!

Action-packed planets rule the July Sky

By Astrid Stellanova

Mother Nature provides far more reasons than fireworks on the Fourth to look skyward, Star Children! Come July 15, a crescent moon meets Venus in a swoon-worthy event. That will be followed by a total lunar eclipse on July 27. And then, on the same date, Mars will be ready for its close-up when Earth passes between the Sun and Mars. This will be our biggest, closest and best encounter with Mars — an event that won't happen again for 17 years.

Should you miss this, optimists and health nuts can mark their Daytimers for July 2035. Ad Astra — Astrid

Cancer (June 21–July 22)
Birthday Child, you'll be sopping up praise like King's Syrup on a biscuit this month. There will be plenty of cake, candles, razzle, dazzle and enough sizzle to make this one of your best celebrations ever. In the fullness of time, another side of your life came to life, and it was a beautiful secret modestly kept from many. Your selfless acts have been revealed, and people are wowed by your big ole generous heart.

Leo (July 23–August 22)
Maybe the best thing you can do is to launch a charm offensive, because being defensive just ain't working for you, Honey. One thing you keep forgetting is how your long trust in an old acquaintance just isn't working for you as well as it is for them. Speak your truth and let the cards fall slap on the table.

Virgo (August 23–September 22)
Sugar, as irresistible as you are, nobody's liable to want to steal your blood and sell it. It's true your sweat tastes like nectar but the skeeters are the only ones that know it. Mix and mingle. Stop being afraid of stranger danger, because you are safe and loved, and attractive to the single and solvent.

Libra (September 23–October 22)
You might as well live in the moment 'cause you might not get into the next one given how badly you've been navigating. Your emotional GPS has gone kerflooey and needs resetting. And despite your photographic memory, you seem a tee-ninesy off in your ability to remember where you put your keys or glasses.

Scorpio (October 23–November 21)
A friend will help you move; but a real friend will help move and hide the body. Was there ever a friend who was there no matter what? You know who's been for you, and they need you now in their worst hour. Call them, thank them, and show up. If you're lucky, there won't be any corpses involved.

Sagittarius (November 22–December 21)
You might be surprised just how far you can stretch one good yarn. The ability to turn everything into a great story is one of your super powers. Work it, Baby! It turns out that everything is useful in this big ole schoolhouse of life, even in the darkest hours. Reuse, recycle, reframe the past and share it.

Capricorn (December 22–January 19)
In the past, you didn't exactly reach for the stars, Sugar. Some of your extra special powers included Jolly Rancher Jell-O shots, quick quips and sarcasm. It's your fallback under pressure, and you have sure felt the pressure. Use new muscles. Sarcasm can be inverted into a form of sharp insight — not a bite.

Aquarius (January 20–February 18)
You really tried to fit in, but left others wondering if you are a Southern belle or a dumbbell. The truth is you're neither. Your good mind and instincts are going to be needed in the latter part of the month when someone near and dear is challenged. Don't be demure, and don't play dumb. Step up!

Pisces (February 19–March 20)
If you only knew how long I looked for Mr. Wrong, you might not expect I ever found Beau. For ages I wanted a bad boy, becoming an expert bad girl to match, specializing in seeking rebels without a cause. Being bad never felt so good as the day I woke up and recognized my true love was hiding in plain sight.

Aries (March 21–April 19)
You may have to declare your wild self a disaster area. You are close to qualifying for federal assistance given the way you cut a path of destruction last month. Sugar, your idea of escape since that fiasco has involved a gravy bowl and comfort food. Don't fall prey to one more ramen noodle or wild whim.

Taurus (April 20–May 20)
Sugar, you got good ammo but bad aim. Your intended target didn't take a hit, but an innocent did. They are the forgiving type, so if you own and iron things out you won't feel like such a dip wad. Meanwhile, a dream you pushed aside could happen for you and deserves to be re-examined.

Gemini (May 21–June 20)
That hurt, Sugar. You swallowed your pride and tried to reconnect with an old pal. You felt about as welcome as a yellow jacket in an outhouse or a skeeter in a pup tent. They know they behaved badly; just step back and resolution will come. Meanwhile, a very welcome surprise is on its way.

For years, Astrid Stellanova owned and operated Curl Up and Dye Beauty Salon in the boondocks of North Carolina until arthritic fingers and her popular astrological readings provoked a new career path.

Changing Customs, Fading Manners

Who is minding what?

By Clyde Edgerton

"Mind your manners" is a phrase that is probably less heard today than it was 60 years ago. Back then (I was a teenager), I would have no more worn a hat inside a house or building than I would have peed in the street. (I would have peed in the backyard, down toward the woods, and that would not have been considered bad manners where I'm from in rural North Carolina.)

Are we sometimes talking about changing customs, or changing norms, rather than changing manners? Shades of difference move between those three terms: customs, norms, manners. Your mama, or another trusted relative, probably never said to you, "Mind your customs," or "Mind your norms." Customs and norms describe habitual stuff out there in a society — descriptive. Manners are more about what happens in smaller group settings — prescriptive, connected to right and wrong.

And sometimes I think (like other older folks) that manners haven't changed; they have simply disappeared. Well, almost. Perhaps disappeared in other parts of the country, and are hanging by a thin thread in my home section of the country, the South, where people do not have accents unless they are from elsewhere.

Let's take family reunions — and "eating order." Family reunions in my childhood were like Christmases. The family planned ahead for, and looked forward to, each family reunion. It was a big deal. We had five of them each year. (It's down to two now.) When it was time to eat from the big long table with covered dishes (you were likely out of doors), the older folks served themselves first. Had I, as a child, started for the food right after the blessing, my mother would have said, "Mind your manners, Son," and I would have remembered that children served themselves last, not first. It was a matter of right and wrong, good and bad. Simple good manners.

There were only good and bad manners, no debatable manners, or, for that matter, "politically incorrect" manners. "Politically correct" — for better and/or worse — hadn't been invented.

My first brush (that I know about) with my own politically incorrect manners happened at a dinner party (among academics) in about 2000. Each of us stood behind our own chair before being seated. When it was time to sit, I reached for the chair beside mine because standing behind that chair was a woman. As I started to pull back her chair for her to sit, she quietly held the chair in its place.

I didn't get it. I assumed she was looking the other way. I tried again, and then looked into her eyes. The message was clear. She did not like what I was doing. She remained silent. I turned loose of her chair and tended to my own. I was confused, but there was no doubt that she did not like me messing with her chair.

I have since figured out what was perhaps going on. (I have two daughters, and would like to consider myself an intersectional feminist who believes rational feminism can lead to men's liberation.) I think back on that occasion, on the matter of customs, norms, manners; on the woman beside me at the dinner party; on my mother (not an academic by a long shot) and how she behaved in social situations. I'm pretty sure my mother, had she been a modern-day feminist, would have said, "I'd prefer to pull out my own chair, but thank you." She would have said that because she had good manners — innate good manners.

Clyde Edgerton is the author of 10 novels, a memoir and most recently, Papadaddy's Book for New Fathers. *He is the Thomas S. Kenan III Distinguished Professor of Creative Writing at UNCW.*

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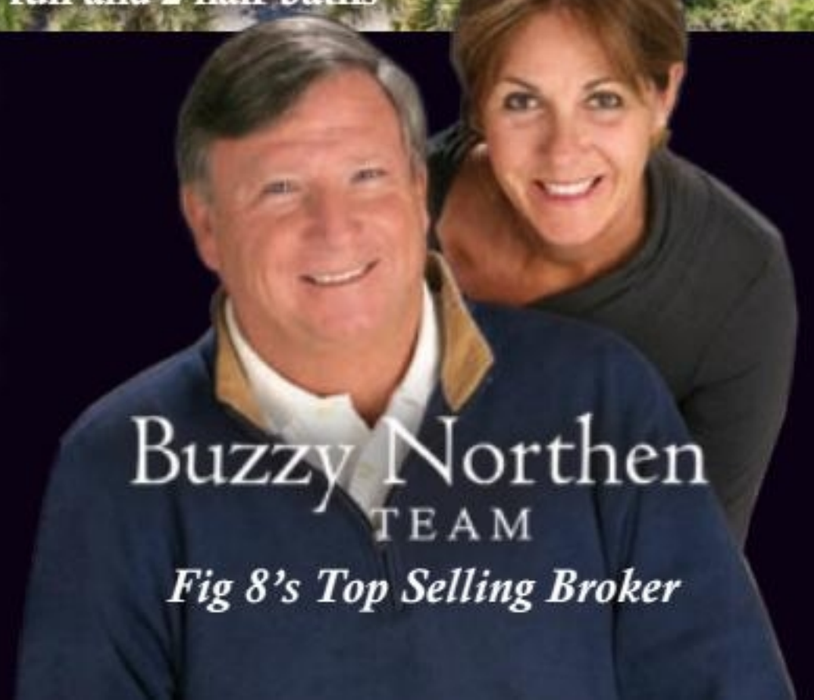

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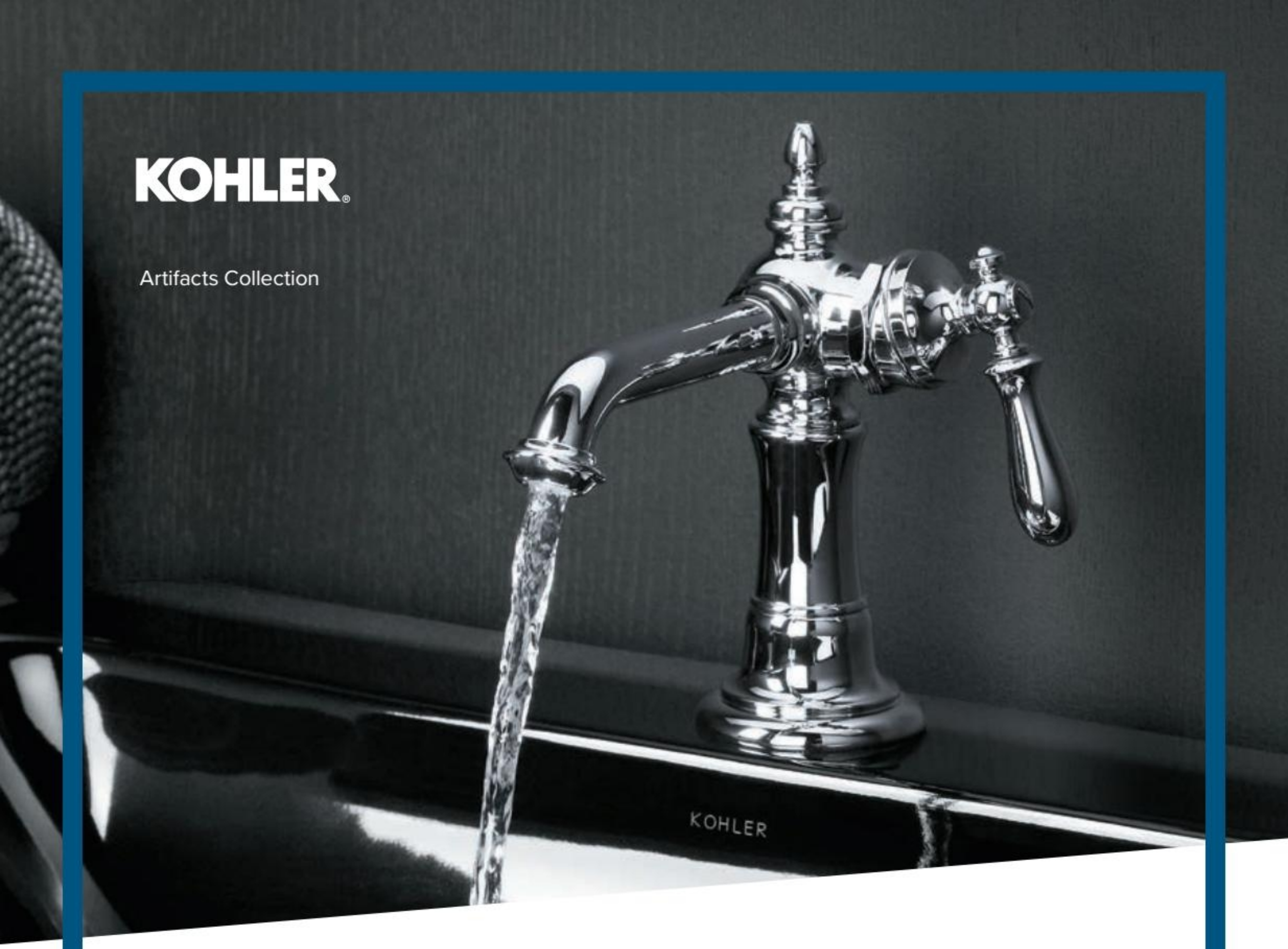

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